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The Saturday Review

of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"Normalcy" and Romance

MR. GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON, who more than a quarter of a century ago invented the kingdom of Graustark and won for it millions of readers through the ensuing years, has restored to the literary map that realm which war and the younger generation and a pervading glorification of realism had all but relegated to oblivion. Here it is again in "The Inn of the Hawk and the Raven,"* with the glamor still bright on its make-believe and with all its accessories as of old. Though kingdoms are outmoded to an extent, this imaginary state of Mr. McCutcheon's devising can still beguile the fancy. Or better perhaps, again. For we are only now swinging back to that interest in the romantic and the pseudo-historic that is the normal entanglement of the mind in the days of uneventful living. When battle is on, disaster and grandeur lay imagination by the heels, and only the real does not irk the soul. But in the fat years of peace the soul would go adventuring; not having the fearful fascination of strife to lift it from itself it must escape from the humdrum of the life around it by building itself new worlds.

Before science had turned the marvelous into the commonplace, the mind that wished escape from the shackles of the immediate had recourse to playing with the vision of a universe in which the forces of nature were bridled to man's desire—a universe where air and sea no longer presented barriers to his enterprise. But when a Deutschland has crossed the ocean to lift its periscope in the waters of an enemy nation, and a Lindbergh has flown the Atlantic, the inventions of a Jules Verne lose their savor. Reality has outdistanced imagination, and the novelist's creativeness lags behind the triumphs of science. What then remains?

There remains both the field of the supernatural, and the field of the romantic and the historical. It is a significant sign, indeed, in an age intensely materialistic, an age when efficiency and mechanical perfection are the gods universally adored, that fantasy should be constantly gaining ground. The fairy tale for adults has not only met with critical acclaim in these post-war years, but it has gained wide currency, and the reason that it has so won a foothold is not far to seek. For here is the means for the questing fancy to indulge its desire for something outside its own experience, something that will enthrall imagination and give it wings as the old bold conceptions of a universe yielding possibilities unknown to reality did. When the remarkable becomes the normal, then the supernatural begins to fascinate thought. So we have the ghost story thriving alongside the gentler fantastic tale, and an eminently scientific generation playing in its idle moments with what lies outside the bounds of the proven.

The other recourse from its own surroundings which the mind can find is in the past, or in the trappings of the past. There, too, imagination can roam amid unfamiliar scenes, and when it chooses, forget the world of today. The historical novel is enjoying a revival at present that reflects this vaulting of interest from the preoccupations of busy life to the picturesqueness of an older day. And the time is ripe for the romantic novel, the novel like Mr. McCutcheon's "The Inn of the Hawk and the Raven," with its imaginary kingdom, its band of outlaws, rough, conscienceless, yet chivalrous on occasion, its beautiful maiden, and its gallant lover who thinks his world well lost for love. Mr. McCutcheon's book will be welcomed by his readers as another in a series which they enjoy. It will be recognized by critics as a sign of the times, an indication that the world, after the strain of the war years, has swung back to "normalcy" once more.

*"The Inn of the Hawk and the Raven." By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $2.

This Is Our Doom

By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

A SLENDER sheaf—straw, straw and a few poppies,
For all the labor of our days.
A few dreams, dreams troubled and elusive,
Though the nights are long.
Ashes, our hearts at last a handful of ashes,
And yet their flames
Light such a little space in the dusk of Time.

This is the doom of those whose desire is unbounded,
To feel in the dark
The wall insurmountable,
To hear beyond hearing the song that shall never be heard,
To see beyond seeing the picture that shall not be painted:
To sense forever
In wind and water,
In wood and meadow,
In city and solitude,
More than the heart can hold or the mind encompass.
This is our doom, we weavers of Time's pale garlands,
To seek forever and find not the Rood and the Rose,
The Lips and the Grail that beckon us in our dreams.

This Week

Yes, "It's the Law," and "Does Prohibition Work?" Reviewed by *Harold S. Davis.*

"Editorial Silence." Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*

"Disraeli." Reviewed by *Amabel Williams-Ellis.*

"To Begin With." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

Studies in Sociology. Reviewed by *Franklin H. Giddings.*

"A Good Woman." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"The Secretary of State." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

"Bella." Reviewed by *Theodore Purdy, Jr.*

Gilbert White Meditates at Selborne. By *Leonard Bacon.*

Escaped into Print. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week,

William Blake. By *J. B. Priestley.*

Parnassus in Station

By MARSHALL McCLINTOCK

THIS is not a musty, dim old bookshop such as one reads about in books by sentimental bibliophiles. Here are no tables and shelves of old and forgotten tomes, dust-covered and faded, with yellowed leaves. The idly curious do not poke their noses into nondescript stacks of volumes here, while the dreamy old proprietor goes on reading.

No siree, this is an up-to-date, up-and-coming, one hundred per cent efficient, snappy bookstore for commuters. Right in the middle of the rush and bustle of a great railroad station stands this store with neat shelves holding primly the alphabetically arranged books. Here the commuter, watch in hand, can rush in and get, in no time at all, a book of pictures for the kiddies, something light with love in it for the wife, something sweet and gentle for invalid grandma, or a good old-fashioned, blood-and-thunder detective story for himself. He can buy them or rent them. On one side of the shop are the books for sale. On the other are the library books. Young, wide-awake clerks jump at his orders in either section.

I am one of those young, wide-awake clerks. My tasks are tremendous. I must smile politely at nagging old women. I must not give in to, yet must satisfy, bullying men. I must tell in ten words the story and all known criticism of the latest books—about thirty a week. I must not throw bothersome, empty-headed, and talkative shopgirls out of the store. I must not sink an axe into the head of any neurotic old lady who thinks "The Revolt in the Desert" is either the sequel to "The Sheik" or a novel by D. H. Lawrence. I must absolutely refrain from fainting when the seventy-fifth person in one day asks for "Elmer Jantry" by Sinclair.

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The shop is open from eight in the morning until midnight. My hours are such that I am enabled to meet every type of person that comes into the store, for I begin my duties at five in the afternoon when the most exasperating questions are asked, when hordes of people "must catch a train in just one minute and want a book." About seven o'clock things take a more leisurely turn, and the customers do not run in and race out to the train. By nine o'clock I can begin to do a little reading in between customers and from then on come only those who saunter in and chat and handle most of the books on our shelves. Some of these people I could murder, others kiss. I don't know what the difference is, exactly. Perhaps it is just in the way they handle the books. Some fondle them and act at home with them, while others seem to be abusing and maltreating these things in paper which challenge them and are strange to them.

The shop has no counter. Clerks and customers mingle and tangle in the scramble for books between five and seven o'clock. There is Miss Wilton, who is always standing looking at the shelf of reserved books, none of which she can take. In that position she is in the way of the paper in which to wrap "boughten" books, in the way of the telephone, in the way of the reserved books. When you try desperately to reach around her for one of these things she asks innocently, "Am I in the way?" Even after one of us assured her that she was very much in the way continually, she did not desist. We are now trying to get rid of her by pushing our elbows in her eye and stepping on her feet when we reach for the things she obstructs.

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As I turn from a slight scuffle with Miss Wilton, I am nailed by a little thing who has a list of books. She wants any of these I happen to have in. They are all salacious sounding things with titles like "The Marriage Bed" and "The Hard Boiled Virgin." I come upon one, "The Contact Bride." I have never heard of this masterpiece or of anything like it. What! have we been missing a best seller? Anything with such a title is bound to go. I appeal to the other clerks and to catalogues. No such book has been heard of. I ask the customer about it. She saw the name in a newspaper held by a neighbor in a subway train. I give up. She decides on the "Hard Boiled Virgin" until I tell her it has no conversation in it. Tucking a "Marriage Bed" under her arm she departs. We continue to wonder about that "Contact Bride" until our Mr. Brown in a flash of imaginative brilliance decides that the title she misread in the paper was "Contract Bridge."

Next I am assailed by the oft-repeated question, "What's a good book?" Now, this question really is a stunner. Just think it over yourself. What *is* a good book? Yes, you can name off several you've enjoyed immensely, but would this customer think any of those are good books? Probably not. You must try to read that customer's mind in a flash—or lack of mind, and recommend accordingly. Questions for leads are useless. When you ask her what sort of books she wants, she says "Oh, almost anything." When you ask her what she has liked recently she says she has not read much lately, or names a book you never heard of. The best thing to do is to bludgeon it out. She will never take the first book you suggest. I don't quite understand the reason for this, but it is true nevertheless. Some customers refuse everything. They look at the jacket and say "No, I don't like the looks of that one." The way to get rid of these is to pick up one and say, "I don't suppose you would care for this. It has been banned in Boston." She takes it at once.

Few customers ever know the author of any book for which they ask. Many do not even know the titles. A sweet old lady told me once that she wanted a book that had something about hills or something like that in the title—no, she didn't remember the author's name, but the title had something about hills or something in it. I tried the "Delectable Mountains" but that didn't work. Guessing games always fascinated me and so I enjoyed this. "The Magic Mountain" and the "Hill of Dreams" awoke no response of recognition, but I took a long shot and made it on "Hildegarde."

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By far the most popular books both in the library and for sale are detective and mystery stories. And although there are hundreds of these turned out every year, we are always shy of new ones. There are many members of our library who have read every one of our detective stories. The popular authors like J. S. Fletcher, Edgar Wallace, Sax Rohmer, and Frank Packard could turn out one a week and get away with a big sale on each.

Mr. Hang, with a slight whiskey breath and always with about two days' growth of stubby whiskers comes in quietly at nine o'clock every night and repeats the same speech: "Have you got a book for me? Something in the line of detective, mystery, adventure, or pirate stories?" He can never remember the names of books he has read and he keeps us praying for the appearance of more thrillers.

The darky porters in the station read the most hair-raising mystery stories, a fact which struck me as odd. Wide-eyed and a little trembly, many have whisperingly requested dream books. A scholarly tome on Witchcraft in Knopf's History of Civilization series has attracted much of their attention.

A famous Charleston dancer and the comedian in a very successful musical comedy are regular patrons of the detective story section. The latter bustles in almost every night, a little makeup still showing in the difficult corners behind his ears. A few nights ago he could find nothing new in the mystery line so took out Frank Swinnerton's "Summer Storm." He brought it back the next night, said he didn't like it, and asked for something "with guts in it."

The Book of the Month Club has received much criticism on the score that people should not have others select their reading material. But if the club does not do the selecting, the clerks in bookshops will, for most people are completely unable or unwilling or uninterested in choosing their books. Nine-tenths of our customers both in the library and in the for sale section just ask for something good, something "they're all talking about," something that's popular. Beyond that, the choice is up to the clerk and what he says usually goes. Many people have the annoying habit of asking "Have you read it yourself?" and will not take the book if you haven't. The only thing to do is to answer yes, in order to make the sale. At first I did this in fear and trembling, hoping they would not ask very definitely what the thing was about. But I soon overcame this dread. Unless the title and jacket showed plainly that it was a detective or mystery story, I could always get away with saying "Oh, it is a modern English problem novel." It usually was.

Such folk are timid in their ignorance, however. Others are pugnacious. One young lady did not know the difference between fiction and non-fiction, apparently had never heard of the words, and thought me quite silly to make such distinctions. Another little shop-girl wanted Oscar Wilde's latest novel, and was sure that he had written something within the last few weeks. She was completely exasperated with my ignorance in thinking him dead.

* * *

The stupid ones, however, are not so maddening as the literary birds who have read everything, who want the modern, ultra-modern novels with high-brow reputations. They talk in high, highly-inflected voices with high-sounding phrases. Ah, they are *so* literary! And it would be such a joy to throw them out! After such people, a straight business man who wants something light, snappy and exciting is a relief. Why is it that so few men seem able to indulge an interest in literary and esthetic matters without losing their virility? I'm sure it wasn't always thus.

Poor husbands come in asking for a book reserved by their wives, but they cannot remember the name of the book so we cannot give it to them. They act so at a loss and in dread of the bawling-out they will get when they arrive home. I wonder if Kathleen Norris is worth all the trouble she causes in this way. Mealy-mouthed old ladies trying to be young hang and gush over me to cajole me into giving them books I shouldn't let out. Big, strong men who you know are members of the American Legion try to rage and storm and bully so loudly that I will give them a copy of "War Birds" long before it is their turn. I flee from the library section to a customer who wants to buy. She asks for the latest best-seller, so I show her a copy of Edith Wharton's "Twilight Sleep." She runs her fingers over the pages and says dubiously, "Hm, not much reading matter here." I tell her the quality is quite high, in spite of the quantity. "But I don't want anything with much thought in it." I display an Arthur Train novel. "Oh, yes, there's much more reading matter here." And out she goes, satisfied. I could have showed her some much larger books, but I'm afraid they might have had some thought in them.

"Have you any books for a boy?"

"Yes, in this section right here."

"Oh, this looks interesting. How much is it?"

"A dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! But he's just a *little* boy, no taller than that."

* * *

Etcetera. Another interesting thing is the different way in which men and women handle books. Most men pick up a book as if they were not at all afraid of it, virilely, strongly, securely. They look at the title page, the blurbs on the jackets, and glance over the pages. All very sane, of course. But women drop the book while taking it from the shelves with two fingers, drop two packages while picking up the book, set the book on a table in front of them upside down, poke with an umbrella as they turn the book around, then open the volume precisely at a certain page, with hand flat on the open pages. They read intently a few lines, then turn swiftly and certainly to another page as if they had been referred definitely there. This is repeated several times. Then, "No, I don't like the looks of this," and they set the book upside down on a pile far removed from the place they picked it up. They are very careful to do this every time they examine a book. What they read and why is a mystery to me, and their whole attitude towards the book and handling of it are astounding and incomprehensible.

I mentioned "Twilight Sleep" above. Its extreme popularity surprised all of us, in spite of Mrs. Wharton's usual appeal. Our Mr. Brown, profiting by this and the former popularity of "The Marriage Bed" and such titled things, decided that his first novel would be named "Obstetrical Youth." It is certain to be a best seller. One customer has already asked, without smiling, for Edith Wharton's "Abortion" and I am not sure that he was not serious.

* * *

I made a grievously wrong guess the other night when a customer walked in. He looked like a farmer from upstate way who was in the station for his return train after a visit to the big city. His request for a "good book" confirmed my first idea that he wanted something light and exciting. I tried the latest Frank Packard, with a jacket depicting the handsome hero doing battle with the dirty villain for the beautiful heroine in the background. "No, I don't like jackets like that." I tried a few more getting better as I went along, but they did not take. Soon the customer began going over all the books in the shop, telling me what he liked and what he did not like. He liked very little, and he had read most of the things we had. He was quite intelligent, but too critical. I remained silent. He saw a Harold Bell Wright. "That's awful, of course. But 'Elmer Gantry' is just as bad, only on the other side of the fence. In Wright everybody is good, which is untrue. In Lewis, everybody is bad, which is equally untrue." I ventured that Lewis presented his material much better than did Wright. I shut up with his retort, "It makes very little difference, doesn't it, in what manner hooey is presented?"

And this little place of ours is more than a bookshop. Wives call up and ask us to tell their husbands who are to call for books that they'll be a bit late for dinner but not to wait because she's just with Myrtle and bring home a loaf of bread and don't forget we have to dress for the theatre. Shop-girls leave notes for their sisters and boy-friends. A musician left his bass viol with us one day. Library members come in to borrow enough money to get home. And all this for "a dollar deposit, twenty-five cents a week, and two cents a day overtime." A lady wanted me to close shop one night and carry her bag to the hotel across the street for her. She didn't like to be seen with negro porters.

* * *

There are really lots of nice people, though. The man who came in with the figs and talked about the educational system, the reporter for a trade journal who knew Spengler and had read undoubtedly three times as much as any of our customers. From his conversation I thought at first he was at least a professor at Columbia. An engineer buys more books than any other individual, and gives long talks on Herbert Hoover and economics and capitalism with each purchase. Mr. Crampton, the fast-talking little Englishman, rushes in with wise-crack upon wise-crack, looks up a new word in our dictionary, and casts slurring remarks on Bruce Barton, God, and Jesus. A crop in our library is named Lawbacher. Mr. Chase always gives a cigar with his quarter, in spite of our protestations that no one in the shop smokes them. Mr. Christopher Morley walks in like a spring zephyr, bringing freshness with his smile and cheeriness. Neysa McMein joined up recently, and Gardner Rea, the cartoonist, gets a book occasionally. Oh yes, we're just a big happy family, composed mostly of black sheep.

"Probably no volume of devotional verse has exercised so wide an appeal as 'The Christian Year,' the centenary of which has just been celebrated at Hursley, the little Hampshire village where the author labored for many years as a parish priest," says *John O'London's Weekly*. "John Keble was so diffident as to his own powers it was only at the urgent request of his father that he consented to the publication of the book. Its success must have astonished him. Over ninety editions were issued during his lifetime, and the popularity of these poems today remains undiminished. Many of them are household words. 'Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,' 'Blest are the pure in heart,' 'When God of old came down from Heaven,' 'Ave Maria, Blessed Maid'—these hymns are known and sung in every quarter of the civilized world."

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The Prohibition Problem

YES, "IT'S THE LAW" AND IT'S A GOOD LAW. By NOLAN R. BEST. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $1.

DOES PROHIBITION WORK? A Study directed by MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $1.50.

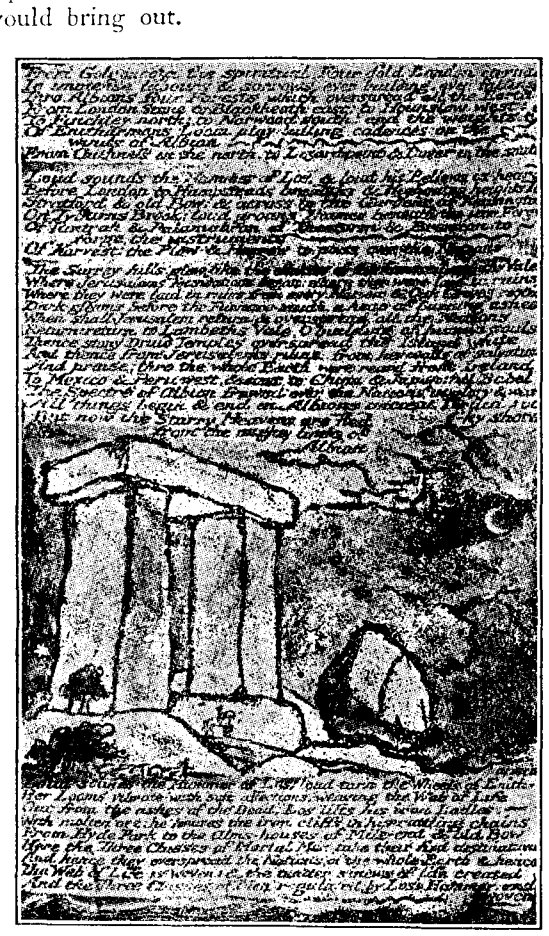
Reviewed by HAROLD S. DAVIS

A GOOD deal of literary criticism has always missed the mark because of failure to apply a relevant test. It is as idle, for example, to find fault with one of Thucydides's concise battle narratives because it lacks the fire and color of Æschylus's description of Salamis as it is to complain of "The Persians" because the story is not told with the clean-cut accuracy which we demand of the scientific historian. The need for eschewing inappropriate standards is peculiarly great when the discussion relates to books like these two, which have to do with a highly controversial subject. Until we have decided in what category they belong, an attempt to determine where they stand in the scale of merit is unprofitable.

Although the author of the first book,—which is published under the auspices of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, but is described as "an individual utterance and not as an official pronouncement,"—might object to the classification, it seems fair to characterize it as a stump speech, expanded to fill eighty or ninety pages. This means that it has the limitations inherent in the stump speech,—looseness of structure and expression, a tendency to broad assertions without concrete specifications to sustain them, exaggeration of the arguments favorable to the author's position, and a corresponding understatement of the points made on the other side. Some of these limitations are so obvious that it seems unlikely that such few confirmed opponents of the prohibition policy as may read the book will be led to change their views. This is not saying, however, that the book is not a good one, if by this is meant that it attains to a high degree the real purpose of a stump speech, *i. e.*, not so much to convert opponents as to consolidate the party in whose interest it is put out and to bring into line the waverers whose sympathies are in general on that side but who are liable to stand halting between two opinions unless they receive a vigorous push. Notwithstanding the title, the author lays but little stress upon the contention that prohibition is the law of the land and must be enforced accordingly. Recognizing that this argument does not touch the vital question as to whether the Eighteenth Amendment and other enactments which embody the same policy ought not to be repealed and avoiding likewise direct appeals to the moral and religious bias which underlies so much prohibition sentiment, he directs his fire at the weakest points in the enemy's position, notably the pre-prohibition connection of the liquor interests with the worst elements in politics and the virtual impossibility of enforcing prohibition in the States which desire it so long as liquor is freely sold in the States adjoining.

One may, however, recognize the force with which these points have been treated without feeling that the net result of the book is to advance very far the solution of the ultimate problem. The traditional visitor from Mars, if he were seeking to determine whether the Eighteenth Amendment as a remedy for these evils were not, after all, worse than the disease, would peruse various tracts enlarging with no less show of conviction upon various conditions brought in by the Eighteenth Amendment and alleged to be so intolerable as to render almost any change desirable; thus he would soon find himself in a sea of contradictions from which he could emerge, if at all, upon the solid ground of a rational conclusion only by laying hold upon *facts* collected not only dispassionately but with sufficient skill and out of a sufficiently broad observation to make them really valuable as indices of actual conditions. From this standpoint those who have brought about the preparation and publication of "Does Prohibition Work?" deserve high praise.

The sponsors for the book are the Committee on Prohibition of the National Federation of Settlements, the chairman being Miss Lillian D. Wald and all the other members of the committee experts of high standing in the field of settlement work. The "sources of information" tabulated at length in an appendix, no less than Miss Wald's preface, indicate that Mrs. Bruère and her colleagues have had exceptional opportunities for obtaining the testimony of social workers, physicians, teachers, employers, police officers, and others having first-hand knowledge of conditions in all parts of the country; with commendable restraint, however, they have confined themselves largely to stating the views expressed by their informants, with only rare attempts at generalization. In one respect, however, statistics have been put to a use most valuable for any adequate understanding of the prohibition question in its nation-wide aspect, *i. e.*, to demonstrating the various drifts of population,—like that of the gold seekers and more recently the health seekers into California,—which have stamped themselves upon various parts of the country and to which the different reactions of these parts to the Eighteenth Amendment may largely be traced. The result is a collection of samples, as it were, taken here and there throughout the United States and for the most part assembled geographically. Although the investigation related mainly to urban conditions and did not deal to any extent with the rural districts or with the schools and colleges, for example, the composite picture which Mrs. Bruère has formed is made up of elements so many and so diverse that one cannot but feel that it probably approximates to that which a still broader inquiry would bring out.



Drawing by Blake for his "Milton." From "William Blake's Prophetic Writings." Edited by D. J. Sloss and J. P. R. Wallis. (Oxford University Press).

It is impossible, of course, to summarize in any accurate way a book which consists almost wholly of these bits of testimony. Simply by way of illustration mention may be made of two points which stand out repeatedly and which show what conflicting conclusions are suggested by the different lines of evidence. One of these points is the curious effect which the non-enforcement of the law has had in various localities upon the problem of poverty; families formerly objects of charity are reported as now self-supporting not because of increased sobriety but because they are enabled to make a comfortable living through bootlegging. The other is the almost universal testimony of employers to the effect that, even in those localities where the law is most imperfectly enforced, the old question of getting together a working force on Monday morning is largely a thing of the past, it being now possible to count upon the same fitness to resume work after a Sunday or holiday as at other times. If one reader may assume to state the impressions which this testimony as a whole has made upon him, the first is the impossibility of speaking with any particularity on the subject of prohibition without saying something which applies with accuracy only to a small part of the country and which as applied to certain parts is not hopelessly wrong. The second is that, where the law is enforced with measurable efficiency, it is unquestionably lessening poverty and producing the other benefits which its promoters have claimed for it. The third is that, except in a few of the larger cities, the law is so far enforced as perceptibly to reduce the consumption of liquor,—that, in other words, prohibition, when all is said and done, does prohibit to a substantial extent so far as the greater part of our population is concerned.

Mrs. Bruère and her colleagues would doubtless be the last to maintain that their study has been exhaustive or that any final conclusions can be based on it, but it is safe to say that it is only by following the path which they have pointed out,—the careful collecting of first-hand material from an adequate variety of sources,—that any satisfactory solution of the prohibition problem will ever be reached.

When Silence is Gold

EDITORIAL SILENCE: The Third Era in Journalism. By ROBERT T. MORRIS. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1927.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

DR. MORRIS'S opinions are always interesting and usually contrary to most other people's opinions, so when he takes his turn in the national pastime of explaining what is the matter with the newspapers one picks up his book with great expectations which are only partially realized. Much of this volume consists of random thoughts reprinted from the *American Nut Journal*, which is not what you might suppose from the title, but the trade paper of a branch of the food industry; and they are a little too random to make as easy reading as could be wished.

At any rate, this is no general discussion of editorial silence; the silence to which Dr. Morris objects seems to be chiefly that which blankets the possibilities of the nut industry and subsoil crops generally. In his view wheat, corn, and rice have done mankind more harm than good; by reforesting with nut trees, growing water crops in the marshes which are now being drained at great expense and to dubious permanent benefit, and training Americans, Europeans, and Japanese to give up cereal foods in favor of various diets prevalent among the less prominent races of the earth, the food problem could be solved. Possibly so; though it might take time to educate the American public to meals of chestnut porridge and yak stew, such as sustain the hardy mountaineers of Tibet.

However, the section on the possibilities of neglected foods makes excellent reading; but it is a little hard to follow Dr. Morris in his indignation at the newspapers for not giving up most of the first page to such matters. With his general thesis that the papers give too much space to human error and too little to human achievement and possibilities one may agree, with some reservations; but it is a lamentable fact that newspapers are published for readers and that more readers are interested in Ruth Snyder than in yak stew. The New York *Times* probably prints a larger proportion of the sort of news Dr. Morris regards as news than any other paper in the country; but if its conductors should give as much space to nuts as they now give to murder, and as much space to murder as they now give to nuts, the *Times* would presently have to be published as a philanthropy.

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This argument, of course, cannot be pushed too far; the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *World* may possibly only be meeting the demands of their readers in crime news, but the tabloids undoubtedly stimulate both the demand and the crime that enables them to meet it. What Dr. Morris says about the effect of crime and scandal news on suggestible minds is true enough; and in this neurotic age there are probably more suggestible people, just as the development of the press offers them more evil suggestion. But no remedy has yet been devised; if Dr. Morris is serious in suggesting an official censor of crime news that only shows that he has not considered this happy idea long enough to perceive that the drawbacks would far outweigh the benefits.

Nor is one impressed by his researches into the public interest in crime news; there are a good many people who do not read it, just as there are a good many people who do not read sporting or financial news; but few papers can afford to neglect any single large block of readers. Dr. Morris inquired of some of his friends in Europe if there were really any extensive interest abroad in the Hall-Mills case, as a managing editor had assured him; and from the five replies he received from assorted scientists, scholars, and publicists he concluded that there was not, except possibly among traveling Americans. These gentlemen, one may conjecture,

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would not have read about the Hall-Mills case if they had lived in New Brunswick. But this reviewer happened to be in a French provincial town during the Arbuckle case—a town in which there were two hundred thousand French and about two dozen Americans—and the big story on the front page of the local paper every day was not the current reparations crisis, but "Au Pays de Fatty: ou, Les Orgies de Los Angeles."

Dr. Morris says that "the reason more people attend a prize fight than a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science is just because they know more about one than they do about the other. When the press advertises both equally the public will attend both meetings in equal numbers." Possibly he can induce some nut baron to hire the Stadium for the A. A. A. S., subsidize Ivy Lee or Ike Dorgan to handle the publicity, and put his theory to the proof. If he does, I will bet him a couple of ringside seats for the next battle of the century against a bowl of yak stew that there will not be a thousand people there who are not on the program.

However, he deserves commendation for the kind word he drops now and then about that pariah group of journalistic untouchables, the editorial writers. It is quite true, as he says, that their view of the world which the news reflects is ordinarily much saner than that of the news editor. Many a blah story which overspreads the front page of Monday morning's paper is neatly punctured on the editorial page of Tuesday morning's paper. (He gives examples.) But who reads the editorial page? Not even that many people would read the front page, if it were devoted to subsoil crops.

Dizzy, Tory and Novelist

DISRAELI. By D. L. Murray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by Amabel Williams-Ellis

IF the bores and Poloniuses of all ages and nations could be assembled in solemn synod, there is no doubt that the late-Victorian British contingent could out-prose and out-bore them all. But to overlay with dulness the history of their great contemporary, Disraeli, generally seems beyond their power. When the narrative is in the hands of so competent a writer as Dr. D. L. Murray, the story of the Jew who led the Tory gentlemen of England for nearly half a century becomes one of the most magnificent of romances.

Benjamin Disraeli was born in 1804, the son of Isaac D'Israeli, a smooth, cynical, learned student, whose membership of an oppressed race had convinced him of nothing so much as that all was vanity. Benjamin passed from being a discontented schoolboy to being a turbulent dandy, a successful novelist, and an unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate. When at last he got into the House of Commons he made a disastrously unsuccessful maiden speech, and finally—outré in dress and manner to the last—this moody, exaggerated man became a flashy leader of fashion in one of the bleakest societies that ever existed, the trusted adviser of the most middle-class of Queens, and the arbiter of the most august of legislative assemblies.

Perhaps it is as a critic of his Prime Minister as a "best seller," as a Jew, and as a debater, that Mr. Murray excels. For the book has many queer omissions, and a reader who has not before been interested in the complex and contradictory history of the nineteenth century England and Europe will find a good deal to puzzle over. Let us take an example of Mr. Murray's perversity. The Franco-Prussian War is not so much as mentioned, while a minute and interesting account is given of the war between Russia and Turkey, which ended in the creation of several new nationalities in the Balkans and in the British annexation of Cyprus. It seems difficult to assign any reason to this choice except the caprice of the author. However, we force an author to tell us about events which bore him at our peril, and Mr. Murray's account of the snows, heroisms, and rigors, of the Turkish campaign could scarcely be more picturesque. But at the same time such singularity (if it is not to mislead) must presuppose a fair knowledge of European history in the reader, a knowledge which his American public will not (and need not) necessarily possess.

It was obviously impossible for the writer of one volume to give a full account of all the phases of Disraeli's life; and one of the sides of it which Mr. Murray has chosen to touch on very lightly is the side of the workings of Disraeli's own mind and his more intimate relationships. We are given only a very exterior view, for instance, of the "lively widow" whom he married, of the Henrietta who loved him before that, and of his many later sentimental but platonic friendships with women. Mr. Murray has not, that is to say, attempted to write the psychological biography which Mr. Harold Nicolson wrote of Tennyson and Byron. That he is writing of a statesman and not of a poet is of course only a superficial explanation.

But in one particular Mr. Murray does add a real contribution to our knowledge of Disraeli, and it is in a direction which should prove interesting to Americans, who are at this moment struggling with anti-Semitic problems and prejudices. Disraeli was (in so far as he had any religion) a Christian by faith: but as anyone knows who has dipped into the sparkling waters of his novels, he was always culturally a Jew.

* * *

We are used now to talking about the wisdom of the East, its dignity and impassiveness, its stress upon being as opposed to doing; but in Disraeli's day an interpretation of the East and the Eastern attitude towards knowledge and wisdom, such as is contained in "Lothair" and "Tancred" was new. Some tradition of that attitude there has always been in English life, from the days when Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu wrote her letters from Turkey, or when Lady Hester Stanhope became a kind of Arab Queen, or when so many quiet country gentlemen knew Persian because they or their fathers had worked for the Right Honorable East India Company. But that the Jews, that our own familiar Bible, should be vehicles of this wisdom and of this attitude was an aspect of which the Jews alone were conscious, and to which Disraeli was the first to give expression outside the synagogue. So many people have laughed at the flashiness, the rhetoric, the stiff or flabby characterization of Disraeli's novels, that Mr. Murray has done a service in drawing attention to this side of them.

But there is another enigma of Disraeli's fantastic, meteoric career which Mr. Murray analyzes. "How is it," many people have asked, "that the author of 'Sybil' should later have become so complete a Tory, that he should have left amelioration alone, above all become so out of touch with the great movements that were swaying and agitating the British people? Why did he keep his head, like an ostrich, inside the House of Commons?" For today the author of a Socialist dissertation who is in search of a motto for a chapter, goes to Dizzy's "Sybil" to find the most impassioned tags on that great subject which Carlyle christened "the state-of-the-people question." Yet the Tory Prime Minister did as little as he could to redress the grievances that the novelist had made eloquent.

* * *

Mr. Murray resolves the paradox. "Disraeli saw politics in terms of drama, not of philanthropy. He found no reason for a change in the traditional policy of England, nor, had the need of one been borne in upon him, would he have the patience or the creative force to elaborate it. He lived on the thrilling memories of past greatness." And then perhaps the reader will recall what Disraeli said of the House of Commons: "We come here for fame."

A sense of the dramatic can be, and was here, a dangerous and inhuman trait in a statesman or a man of action. It is the child of a fertile imagination and of a sense of detachment. A sense of detachment is the badge of a race with a culture and tradition different from that of the country in which it finds itself, and is increased less by unjust laws than by social dislike and contempt. If Disraeli went to the House of Commons for fame, it was the fault of the boys at school who despised him because of his hooked nose and curling black hair, and of a society which later did not give the boy credit for his wit, his brilliance, and his tender-heartedness. Every nation, says the proverb, has the Jews that it deserves.

Mr. Murray's book shows, among other things, what are the gifts which the Jews can give to America.

King Feisal has ordered a specially illuminated Arabic translation of Lowell Thomas's book, "With Lawrence in Arabia."

A Course of Reading

TO BEGIN WITH, Being Prophylaxis against Pedantry. By Raymond Pearl. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $1.50.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

"TO BEGIN WITH," Professor Pearl is a distinguished scientist, biologist, and statistician, and this small but pregnant volume is a Course of Reading, an annotated bibliography for young men intending to be scientists, especially biologists or statisticians. But the unexpected slant of it appears immediately in the Preface, in the great Sydenham's advice to the earnest student who asked what he should read in order to lay a sound foundation in medicine. Sydenham advised him to read "Don Quixote." Professor Pearl's list begins with Lucretius and ends with Yule's "Theory of Statistics." In between—(there are seventy items altogether)—occur Allen's "French Wines," Rabelais, Anatole France, Sumner's "Folkways," Gracian's "Art of Worldly Wisdom," Descartes's "Discourse of Method," Schiller's "Formal Logic," Mencken's "Defense of Women," and a generous list of the lives of great scientists. The lists on biology and biostatistics are less unexpected, but are nowhere conventional.

Chapter I, entitled "Why," begins with the cheerful confession that Mr. Pearl has caught the ancient disease of fancying that the young are going wrong and their education is defective. The particular hallucination possessing him is that education is getting standardized; it strives for efficient mediocrity and the mechanical turning out of Ph.D.'s. The "academic freedom" which is needed is not freedom for professors to do various things more or less ridiculous, but freedom for students to develop each his particular intellectual powers. In order to be a scientist you do not need to be a Ph.D. but you need to be a man, and one with a brain that turns on its own axle.

Apropos of Lucretius, Professor Pearl remarks that—

> Everybody who calls himself a man ought to read and reread Plato's Euthyphro, The Apology, and the Crito. Socrates was undoubtedly a pest. If he was in our midst he would meet precisely the same fate at the hands of Rotarians, Kiwanians, and other orthodox uplifters, that he did from the Dikastery. And for two simple reasons. He was a superior man, and he was aggressively attacking Fundamentalism. The Apology is perhaps the noblest document the human mind has ever conceived. In it there is to be found none of that oily, nauseating striving to reconcile superstition with science as mutually compatable ideas, which is so much to the fore today. The familiar premise that Socrates was a man is right. He was.

The quotation serves three admirable purposes; it tempts one to reread The Apology; it shows what Professor Pearl means by "a man;" and it gives an example of the pungent, positive, and rather inspiring character of his annotations.

Sir William Ashley, noted economist and teacher, died recently in London. Sir William, whose works on the history of economics were widely known both in England and America, was from 1892 to 1901 Professor of Economic History at Harvard University. He was twice President of the economic section of the Royal Economic Society, and served on many public committees to investigate economic conditions in Great Britain. Among his best known books are "Introduction to English Economic History and Theory," "Gold and Prices," and "Economic Organization of England."

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Sociology à La Carte

THE SOCIAL THEORY OF GEORGE SIMMEL. By NICHOLAS J. SPYKMAN. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1926.
THE FACTORS OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By THEODORE DE LAGUNA. New York: F. S. Crofts & Co. 1926.
HISTORICAL MATERIALISM: A System of Sociology. By NIKOLAI BUKHARIN. New York: International Publishers. 1925.
SOCIAL MOBILITY. By PITIRIM SOROKIN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927.
THE LIFE AFTER DEATH IN OCEANIA AND THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO. By ROSALIND MOSS. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. 1925.
SOCIOLOGY AND EDUCATION. By ALVIN GOOD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926.
EDUCATION IN ITS RELATION TO THE COMMON PURPOSES OF HUMANITY. By E. T. CAMPAGNAC. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons. 1925.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS
Columbia University

THE menu does not exhaust possibility but it will do. It starts off with metaphysics, which "evolve" a characteristically German "idea" of society, but it arrives at inductive studies of observable facts. There is sulphurous liquor in Bukharin's "Materialism;" otherwise the banquet is "dry."

The writings of George Simmel are philosophical and formal, and without doubt have been helpful to men who have had to know what a science of society must be *a priori* before they could get interested in reality. Mr. Spykman takes Simmel seriously, and he has brought the resources of an acute and well-trained mind to the task of exposition. It is not to be understood, however, that Spykman is satisfied with the philosophical method —quite the contrary. Indeed, he permits himself to say irreverently that philosophy is still "rampant" in the so-called social sciences, that economics has been dominated for centuries by speculation and mental gymnastics, and that political science is still trying to free itself from metaphysical doctrines which have carefully protected it from crude contacts with the harsh world of actuality. He is optimistic enough to think that some progress is being made toward a scientific methodology but sees the goal as yet far off. The reader will find in these pages a thoughtful balancing of metaphysical and scientific considerations. The book is one not to be overlooked by the serious student.

* * *

Professor de Laguna's work moves in the empirical direction. By his own account of it, it represents an attempt at scientific synthesis. A distinctive feature is illustrative material drawn from the higher levels of culture, from England and Italy rather than from Central Africa or the hill country of Ceylon. Characteristics of primitive society are presented, when called for, in the guise of familar survivals found in our present civilization. Somewhat less than a third of the book is given to an account of the general process of social evolution. Misconceptions of evolution are considered and such specific phenomena of social evolution as the cultural tradition invaded by invention, conservatism, and radicalism, are handled with a good deal of independence. In part II, the factors of social evolution are looked at *seriatim*. As the author groups them, they include geographical and racial factors, economic factors in their relation to selection and survival, inter-tribal contacts, the utilization of tool materials and of external sources of power, the development of thought, coöperation and the division of labor, the improvement of communication, and social organization. The classification will not be accepted by all of Professor de Laguna's readers but he brings most of the important phenomena within its scope. On controverted points the author keeps his head and presents his own conclusions modestly. An example is his handling of the antagonistic cultural theories of diffusion and parallelism, usually referred to in anthropological writings as "diffusion" and "evolution." The substitution here of "parallelism" for "evolution" is a good bit of discrimination. The generalizations offered in the chapter of "Conclusions" are at once courageous and restrained. They lead up to a briefly but clearly presented contention that the chief value of a theory of social evolution is found in its contribution to possible schemes of education and of government as superior to those we rely on at present as our engineering is superior to the windmills of the Middle Ages.

If Nikolai Bukharin had known anything whatever about social evolution he would not have had the nerve to call his "Historical Materialism" a system of sociology. Society is for Bukharin as it was for Marx, the working class, i.e., the class that works for wages, and social evolution is the class struggle. There is only one cause of anything in human affairs and that is the economic relation of man to nature or to his fellowman. Sociology along with political economy and history, is the Marxian theory of historical materialism. Proletarian science is superior to bourgeois science because bourgeois eyes instead of being helped out by glasses are covered with blinders, a profoundly Marxian observation. However, Bukharin, like his master, knows that society is in the grip of the inevitable, and that after revolutions have done their work and all distinctions between man and man have been ironed out, we shall enter into the bliss of "the classless society of the future," a great and glorious ant hill.

* * *

In Professor Sorokin we have a Russian who temperamentally and intellectually is everything that Bukharin is not. Sorokin had attained distinction in Russia before the revolution broke. Out of that turmoil he had the good fortune to escape with his life, and he now holds a professorship of Sociology in the University of Minnesota. The quality of his work has been demonstrated to American readers in two books on the Russian Revolution, one of which "The Sociology of Revolution" is all in all the best study of revolutionary psychology yet made. Professor Sorokin has no use for speculative sociology, or for what he calls the "illustrative method" consisting in confirmation of a statement by a few selected illustrative facts. He is equally impatient of "preaching or evaluating judgments" of what is good and what is bad, what is useful and what is harmful, with which sociological literature is inundated. The one business of science as he sees it is to get at facts and to understand them. This attitude he has consistently adhered to in his study of social mobility. If the statements he makes are true, that is his only concern. It does not matter if they are found to be reactionary or radical, optimistic or pessimistic. In three respects this book is a work of first rate importance. First, it is a study of an important process in human society which has never before been examined in a thorough-going way; second, its method is scientific, and third, the material brought to light and presented in orderly arrangement is surprisingly extensive and valuable. At every point and in every detail it is checked up. None of it is "hearsay" stuff and none of it consists of guesses. An astonishingly large part of it is quantitative. The term "social mobility" as Sorokin uses it means any transition of an individual, or social object, or value, anything that has been created or modified, by human activity, from one social position to another. The movement may be horizontal or vertical. Horizontal mobility is the shifting of an individual or social object from one social group to another on the same level, for example, from a Baptist to a Methodist religious group, from one citizenship to another, from one factory to another, in the same occupational status. Vertical mobility is a transition of an individual or other social object from one social stratum to another. It is ascent or descent, social climbing or social sinking.

* * *

Mr. Sorokin's book is taken up with a study of vertical mobility, which naturally enough has arrested the attention of this dynamic mind on its horizontal transition from Russia to the United States. It is not possible within a brief space to present a detailed account of successive chapters. The student of sociology will find his work "cut out for him" when he takes them up in a serious way. The general reader will be interested in Sorokin's account of the effects of mobility on human behavior. The assertions, let it once again be said, are not speculative. They are inductions, which the reader can, if he chooses, check up for himself. Because of mobility, behavior becomes more plastic and versatile. Mobility tends to reduce narrowmindedness and various idiosyncrasies. It tends to increase mental strain. It facilitates invention and discovery. It stimulates intellectual life. It tends to multiply mental diseases. It tends to increase superficiality and to decrease the se ness of the nervous system. It favors skepti cynicism and "misoneism." Mobility es intimacy, causes loneliness, produces restl and stimulates the hunt for sensual pleasur acilitates the disintegration of morals. H plenty to think about. If the reader has dom to follow Sorokin's example, he st *learn* about it.

* * *

In the careful study by Mi of "The Life After Death in Oceania Malay Archipelago" we have the induct d at its scientific best. The field of res limited and the inquiries are specific. N pt is made even in summary or conclusior ent a comprehensive view of the origins of beliefs and rituals pertaining to life after death. Only those generalizations are offered which are suggested and backed up by concrete material under observation. The relations of the study to wider researches and theories are indicated by Professor Marrett in his Foreword, but even here there is more of restraint than of speculation. The substantial results of Miss Moss's inquiry are a clear demonstration of the double influence of vague primitive ideas about life after death and the shaping influence of such experiences as migrations and adaptations to particular environments. These original factors of psychology and topography are developed by historical events and local circumstances and are then fixed by custom and tradition as elaborated by priestcraft and other social influences. Topographical conditions, mode of life, and local circumstances determine methods of disposing of the dead body, such as tree exposure among forest nomads, cave burials for reasons of secrecy, throwing into the water among coast peoples, setting adrift in canoes by peoples that have migrated and wish to return their dead to the old home, and disposal of the dead in an underground home in regions where volcanic action has created a particular set of ideas and emotional reactions. On the psychological side, the universal tabu-feeling connected with death has probably played the widest rôle. It extends to occasional destruction of grave gifts, mutilations, and sacrifices of relatives, especially of widows. Perhaps because the rituals which Miss Moss has studied, all presuppose belief in a ghost or soul, we find nothing in her pages about those presumably earlier beliefs in impersonal and contagious powers to destroy, contaminate, heal, and bless (powers of "mana") which are the basis of magic. Inasmuch as Melanesia is the region where "mana" was first observed we must regret that Miss Moss could not have broadened her inquiry sufficiently to include a discussion of the possible relation of this factor to topographical and historical influences, and to rituals themselves. Perhaps she will yet be able to attempt such a study.

* * *

"Sociology and Education," by Professor Alvin Good, is not meant to be a contribution to sociology as a science but a presentaion of sociological facts and principles which have importance for the theory and practice of education. Professor Good's book differs from most of the works on "educational sociology," so-called, in devoting a major part of its pages to an unpretentious account of concrete societal phenomena. Analysis, classification, and terminology follow the writings of Professor Cooley, which are especially available in this type of work. Another considerable part of the book is taken up with a discussion of such practical social problems (not a good term) as crime, poverty, pauperism, and racial variability. Less than a hundred pages remain for specific discussion of the relation of all this material to school work. The book therefore as a whole is much more an introduction to the study of sociology than a demonstration of the value of sociology for education. One criticism which the reviewer is moved to offer is that Professor Good overstates the function of society in disciplining and standardizing the individual, and understates its function in making him distinctive and self-determining.

Professor Campagnac's book is in no sense a work on sociology or its applications, but thoughtful chapters on Gifts Bestowed and Lessons Taught by Society, and Convention and Freedom are a worth while contribution. The approaches are from humanism rather than from natural science, and are gently challenging. The words "ought" and "ideal" creep in, but the reader is left, as always in such writings, uncertain what meaning they convey, if any.

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Revolt in the Jungle

A GOOD WOMAN. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Grace Frank

THE fourth panel of M. Bromfield's screen has now been painted and, dissimilar as it is to the others in detail and design, it justly shares with them the inclusive title of the whole series, "Escape." All these novels conscientiously survey the American scene; each deals with a rebel warring against some aspect of it. How far these rebels actually escape from the circumstances and conventions they oppose, how indifferently they succeed in escaping from themselves, these are the themes that link the various parts together.

One can only applaud work so seriously undertaken, so well planned, and, on the whole, so competently executed. There is nothing gaudy or meretricious about these four books. An admirable sincerity lends distinction even to those incidents that might conceivably have been garish. And partly because of this, partly because the author has so decoratively transferred to his screen illuminating phases of our national life, they belong in the best tradition of American fiction.

"A Good Woman" is at once more thoughtful and less glamorous than its predecessors. It is also less diffuse and less extravagant than some of them. Although there are still touches here and there that seem amateurish and a trifle hackneyed—most of the episodes involving Mary, some of those picturing Philip's relation to the Mills, much of Part Four, especially the superimposed unity of its conclusion —nevertheless the novel as a whole gives the impression of a rapidly ripening art.

The story has to do not so much with the "good" woman of the title—the adjective is used in its modern, pejorative sense—as with the slow disintegration of a son's worship of the masterful, self-righteous woman who has "done everything" for him. It reflects the tragedy inherent in the possessive instinct of mothers, the instinct, intricately compounded of love, need, and pride, that leads them so often not only to control and direct but to fetter the lives of their children. Emma Downes is the valiant, domineering type of mother that exerts a crushing pressure upon those nearest her the while she enjoys distinction in her small community as a self-sacrificing woman who has carved out a distinguished career for her son. Yet the scales are not weighed too heavily against her; one can even sympathize at times with her well-intentioned, if misdirected, efforts. After all, her shams and hypocrisies delude the woman herself as well as the little world about her. And she shows considerable pluck to the end.

Her son Philip is a more complex and a much weaker person. The author attributes most of Philip's weakness to Emma's meddling and only a very little to his inheritance from his shallow, rakish little father. This is perhaps a question for the biologists, but to most readers it will probably seem that the supineness in the son's character can hardly in all fairness be traced to the unique reponsibility of his mother. Early in life, to be sure, the boy's striving for beauty, his craving for affection, and his compassionate understanding of the injustice meted out to so many of his fellows had been shackled by the puritanic and pharisaic intentions of his mother. If Emma had not kept him so unsullied and had not driven him into the ministry and into an undefiling marriage with the bloodless Naomi, his life might indeed have been happier. But somehow one suspects that even had Philip fulfilled his destiny, become an artist and married Mary, he would still have been baffled by existence. And it is for this reason that the boy's burdens and frustrations, cruel as they are, seem merely pathetic when they might have been made tragic.

The novel, however, is full of good things. The vividness of the jungle and especially the beauty of that weird procession of black virgins which so singularly stirred the repressed young missionary contrast exotically with the slate-colored town and the bleak lives of its inhabitants. Both the earlier and the later relations between Naomi and Philip are sketched with deftness and delicacy. The transformation of Naomi from "the youngest missionary of God" to a state of abject domestication, her emotional development, the scene in which Philip leaves her, the very effective climax of the story, the successive struggles between mother and son, the excellent portraits of Jason Downes, Mabelle, and a corpulent congressman, the mysterious elegance of Lily Shane silhouetted for an instant against the drab background of Philip's life —all these come to mind as instances of Mr. Bromfield's insight and artistry.

One misses in him a certain mellowness, the flavor, let us say, of the best in Galsworthy. One seeks in vain for the sensitiveness and subtle discriminations of a writer like Virginia Woolf. One wishes that his roots might more often pierce through the top soil to the subsoil. And there are times when one regrets that his style has not been more carefully chiselled. But it is of course unfair to ask for all these satisfactions from any one writer. Some of them, however, Mr. Bromfield will undoubtedly provide in the future. Meanwhile he is giving us admirable work, fiction distinguished by its sincerity, forthrightness, dramatic interest, and thoughtfulness.

"The Realists" Continued

THE SECRETARY OF STATE. By Stephen McKenna. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

THIS is the second volume in Mr. McKenna's trilogy, "The Realists," though it is the usual "complete story in itself." Much of the plot of the earlier "Saviors of Society" has been admirably summarized in the first chapters of the new book; but the reader cannot help noticing the lack of spontaneity at the beginning of the book and the lack of of conclusiveness at the end. All of which comes down to the fact that one cannot speak definitely of "The Secretary of State" until one can judge it as an integral part of Mr. McKenna's trilogy.

"Saviors of Society" was the record of Ambrose Sheridan's rise to power, first as newspaper owner and then as Cabinet member, "The Secretary of State" is more the story of his private life and of the private life of his wife Auriol and the man she loves, Max Hendry. Before the present story opens, Laura Sheridan, believing in Ambrose as a statesman, has allowed him to divorce her and marry Auriol; Laura's brother has been deluded into marriage with Ambrose's former mistress to give his name to Ambrose's unborn child; and Auriol has broken her engagement with Max Hendry, who went off to South America, to marry Ambrose. With Mx's return to England the new story actually begins.

Ambrose Sheridan, the statesman, is shelved in "The Secretary of State." His career becomes background, not theme. In spite of the title of the book, Ambrose is hardly its chief figure, and certainly not the chief figure in his capacity as Secretary of State. The book is, in fact, a triangle story with its specific circumstances and plenty of background, but as elemetary and driving a triangle story as any novelist ever conceived. It is a matter of Auriol, Ambrose, and Max. Auriol, though she loves Ambrose in a way and believes in him, is subtly repelled by him after her marriage just as, with Max's return, she gradually finds herself in love with him. The situation is not an easy one. Auriol has married Sheridan without her family's approval and now she cannot involve them in scandal by running away with Max. Her opportunity comes at the climax of the story, the death of Ambrose's little son by his former mistress, when Auriol finds out the truth. Here is her chance to leave Ambrose without being condemned by society. But after her first anger dies down, Auriol promises the broken Ambrose to stay by him; and after further scenes with Max and some diminuendo action, the novel ends on a note of temporary renunciation. To be continued, as it were, in our next.

This book gets off to a slow start because recapitulation is required, but once the action begins, the narrative is always intensely readable. Mr. McKenna has a talent for high society backgrounds and the world of his novel is convincingly evoked without any straining after effect. He has also a talent for characterization, and both Ambrose and Max, if not profoundly human, are strongly individualized. The book cannot properly be accounted a political novel, as novels from George Eliot's "Felix Holt" to Jean Giraudoux's recent "Bella" are political novels; but it is a love story with both passion and vitality, vitiated a bit by sentiment which might be called something worse. It is a book which stands well within the bounds of Good Reading though somewhat outside the bounds of Good Literature. Perhaps as part of a trilogy it will be seen to have an importance it cannot just at present boast.

A Talent in Its Youth

BELLA. By Jean Giraudoux. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

THIS is the third attempt to interest English and American readers in the work of Jean Giraudoux. Neither "The Man from Limousin" nor "Suzanne and the Pacific" failed entirely of appreciation, but it is to be hoped that "Bella," which has been well translated by J. F. Scanlan and is both a more mature example of the author's work and a more readable story, will enjoy greater success. For Giraudoux is unquestionably one of the most important of the younger Frenchmen. Unlike some of his contemporaries who are better known in this country, he stands almost wholly alone. It is, indeed, difficult to assign him to any group or school, or to trace in his work any strong influence acquired from a modern source. The stock comparison of his style with that of Jules Renard is based largely upon a surface resemblance. Where Renard is merely brilliant and engaging, Giraudoux succeeds in conveying through the same methods an impression of something deeper than cerebral cleverness.

Although Giraudoux has been praised by the Dadaists, and hailed as a decadent in the Huysmans tradition by others, the fact is that every line he has written is filled with an intense romanticism. This is seen nowhere better than in "Bella," which is nominally a satire, but in actuality a glorification of the aristocratic principle as contrasted with mere worldly success. His pictures of Parisian politics and figures are astonishingly rich in detail and gorgeously ironic. The two families chosen to present the main theme of his novel are said to be the Berthelots and the Poincarés under thin disguises. It is only natural, perhaps, that M. Giraudoux, who is a connection of the Berthelot family and, like Paul Morand, an official in the French Foreign Office, should feel, possibly to exaggeration, this contrast. He has made it more poignant by interweaving a Romeo and Juliet love affair between a daughter of the powerful democratic house and a son of the aristocrats. But it is not solely on the basis of this theme that Giraudoux's novel claims attention. It contains an abundance of secondary portraits, each unforgettable, each done with the penetrating delicacy that is his peculiar gift. Take, for instance, the brothers D'Orgalesse, (the Tharauds in real life), or Indiana, or the clerks in Rebendart's office. Each would serve to make the book memorable.

The obvious charm of "Bella," as, in fact, of all this author's work, lies in its style. Besides the extraordinary invention and fluency of Giraudoux even the phrases of a Paul Morand seem commonplace. There are times when this style falls into preciosity, when the comparisons are so thickly scattered over a page that, particularly in translation, it is impossible to read him smoothly. But at his best,—and in "Bella" he is often at his best,—he is very nearly unbeatable for sheer virtuosity. Yet underneath this surface there is real feeling, biting irony, and the fresh, healthy vigor of a great talent in its youth.

Icarus Triumphant

"WE." By Charles A. Lindbergh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927. $2.50.

TO be a hero, to be recognized as a hero, to have the sort of personality that draws the multitude as surely as the magnet does the needle, and yet to produce a book as completely free from all glorification of self as is this matter-of-fact record of Lindbergh's life and his trans-Atlantic flight is in itself hardly less notable an achievement than his conquest of the air. Nothing could be simpler, more unassuming, more winning in its baldness than his straightforward chronicle of his education as an aviator, his experience as a "barnstormer," his apprenticeship as a flying cadet, and his flight to France. Here is modesty unadulterated, not modesty deliberately setting out to be such or conscious of itself, but modesty that apparently arises from a preoccupation with vocation so overwhelming that self never enters into consideration at all.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the book to

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newspaper readers whose idea of Lindbergh has been formed from the perfection of his trans-Atlantic flight, from the attention to detail which preceded it, and the scientific judgment which rendered so complete its success, will be its revelation of the hazards the young aviator took in this early career. As a stunt flyer, even as a student, Lindbergh took and emerged unscathed from danger after danger; he used old planes, he was a "wing-walker," a parachute jumper, he even attempted "looping the loop" in his salad days with an old colored man as passenger in a far from remarkable plane, he took long cross country flights before he was a fairly seasoned airman—he was bold, self-possessed, and quick-witted everywhere and all the time. Apparently he never doubted and he never feared, whether it was an Alabama cotton field or the wastes of the Atlantic that lay before him.

Of the trans-Atlantic flight it is only by filling in the narrative from imagination that any conception can be formed. No word in Lindbergh's account of exultance or exaltation, no hint of loneliness, of amazement, or of doubt. The recital is as simple as though it were the record of a morning walk. And yet the last lap of the flight, the sighting of the coast of Ireland, the crossing of the channel, the landing at Le Bourget for all the economy of its portrayal makes a stirring and dramatic tale.

Gilbert White Meditates At Selborne

ONE watches, to no purpose, I suppose,
And yet I cannot give the watching o'er.
One step beyond my door-way, nay! one look
Up from my papers, and the charm begins
Its wayward magic on me—a circle drawn
About me wide as all the universe,
While I sit captivated, not by thought,
But things that throng the channels of the sense;
The sunny green veiling the silver limbs
Where on the upland hangs my well-loved crowd
Of beeches, loveliest of all forest trees;
The marsh where newts breed, and our peasants find
Coins with the Caesars' superscript and sign.
Why do such things engage me?—trifling still,
Playing with facts as children sift the sand
Through their small fingers—yet I do find things
Memorable perhaps to me alone, and yet
Memorable indeed. Was I not first to mark
Hedge-sparrows flirt their wings in breeding-time?
Who noted first the black-cap's double chant,
That, fluttering, pipes so deep, so loud, and wild,
Then, sitting calmly to engage in song,
Pours forth a sweet but inward melody?
Somehow that is important. Barrington
Is half aware of it. Who else but I?
Those great men up in London think a bird
Is but a bird. If in my darkened mind,
It be not ah! much more, what strange madness
Has overta'en one country curate more?
We are too civilized. These elegant times
Have sold some birth-right. The golden-crested wren
Tells me of that somehow, as if between
Two halves of mine own nature, separated
By an unbridgeable chasm, the bright thing flew,
To lead me to a strangeness in myself,
Regions I wish to tread, tropical worlds,
Electric with a life I yearn to feel.
They say the swallows sleep all winter long,
Conglobulated in our ponds. I dream
A stranger thing, what palm-crowned Cape de Verde
They glide to, through blue air over blue seas.
And I have made migration in myself,
Mysterious, in pursuit of those small wings,
And found Americas, Caribbean isles,
And vasty rivers of the Amazons.
"Radit iter liquidum," What says the Poet?
She skims the liquid pathway—"Celeres
"Neque commovet alas,"—nor moves her rapid wings.
Virgil, too, had his inner continent,
Or he had not drawn the swift dove's flight so well.
What Atlantéan world!
My letter? The post?
I had forgot Daines Barrington almost.

LEONARD BACON.

The Bowling Green

Escaped into Print

(A Casual Anthology)

IN Shakespeare's time there was no such thing as a copyright. The booksellers had adopted an arrangement in the Stationers' Register by which they protected themselves against each other. A phrase of the day was "escaped into print," and when a book had once "escaped into print," its own author had no warrant in law or in equity to claim it.

—Dr. Felix E. Schelling, *Shakespeare and Demi-Science*

An advertisement for the print: I must crave pardon generallie, for both mine own and the printers errors, which will not be avoided, where manie ar to work, and negligence will make one. Small falts, tho manie, be soon perceived, and as soon supplyed by anie ordinarie reader, but such as these be, [*He appends a list of errata*] require a verie intelligent minde.

I leave the unresonable residew to the gentle and considerate reader.

—Mulcaster's *Elementarie*, 1582 (reprinted by Oxford University Press, 1925)

The dull man is made, not by the nature, but by the degree, of his immersion in a single business. And all the more if that be sedentary, uneventful, and ingloriously safe. More than one-half of him will then remain unexercised and undeveloped; the rest will be distended and deformed by over-nutrition, over-cerebration, and the heat of rooms. And I have often marvelled at the impudence of gentlemen, who describe and pass judgments on the life of man, in almost perfect ignorance of all its necessary elements and natural careers. Those who dwell in clubs and studios may paint excellent pictures or write enchanting novels. There is one thing that they should not do: they should pass no judgment on man's destiny, for it is a thing with which they are unacquainted. Their own life is an excrescence of the moment, doomed in the vicissitude of history to pass and disappear: the eternal life of man, spent under sun and rain and in rude physical effort, lies upon one side, scarce changed since the beginning.

—R. L. Stevenson, *The Wrecker*

Sometimes an hour, or a day, or a perfect night, will become set in the precious metal of chance and a jewel of memory sparkles with eternal fire. Such bits of time, contrary to the common thought, seldom concern themselves with women, or with liquor, or with gambling. The perfect setting for such a jewel was the snug but ample main cabin of the *Norsman* . . . a man's ship, a black-sided craft, schooner rigged, boom and gaff with none of the abortionated rigs now passing about as yachts. She has honest reef bands and points, substantial gear, and her fittings on deck and below are shipshape.

—Felix Riesenberg, in *The Nautical Gazette*

Can you tell which present-day books are masterpieces, which will live? This course in *Creative Reading* teaches you how to evaluate a book just as a doctor diagnoses an ailment.

—Circular of The Institute of Current Literature

No collector we ever heard of is foolish or vain enough to hoard, even if he should be mad enough to purchase, the first or any other edition of The Yellow Book—a farrago of aspiring affectation and preposterous incompetence. —Editorial in *The Speaker*, April 28, 1894.

It is not necessary when one makes a speech, even if the speech is made by the head of the Government, to hand out to listeners heavy, unattractive, sleep-compelling discourse. —Mussolini, address to the Fascist Deputies

As I came home I went to see poor Charles Barnard's books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities.

—Dean Swift, *Journal to Stella*

Mr. Alliston Macmillan says of *Robinson Crusoe:* "Alexander Selkirk's experience on Juan Fernandez may have furnished the theme; but the island described is undoubtedly Tobago." But if we examine the literature of Defoe's time on the West Indies, we are surprised at the meagre use he made of this material, rather than persuaded that he meant to draw a complete or even recognizable picture of Tobago as the latter was then known.

The phraseology of Mr. Macmillan is apt to lead his readers further, perhaps, than he intended. This tendency is well exemplified as I am informed, by several colored people in Tobago who have recently said that their grandfathers knew Robinson in the flesh. Robinson's identical cave is also believed and stated by many still to exist; this heightens the illusion. Dr. Paul Dottin has recently criticized this fiction and its concomitant, the exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago, of the skull of Robinson's goat, taken from that cave! . . . On the other hand no wild goats are recorded as on Tobago.

—*Is Tobago Robinson Crusoe's Island?* by Dr. L. L. Hubbard, reprinted from the Trinidad *Guardian*

If it were not for the Poetic or Prophetic Character, the Philosophic and Experimental would soon be at the Ratio of all things; and stand still, unable to do other than repeat the same dull round over again.

—William Blake

Cambridge physical science looks down with scarcely veiled contempt on philosophic Oxford. Philosophy, in fact, is but poetry ill written.

—Dr. Carl Barus, Honor's Day Address at Brown University

I always maintain that New Englanders should live somewhere outside N. E. for the combination is too solid. When I walk the streets of Boston and see hundreds of females of uncertain age, with pleasant *harmless* faces (all college graduates, darn 'em) with hats just a thought too wide, skirts a thought too long—well in the aggregate too much harmlessness is depressing, isn't it?

—*Testament of Susan Doe.*

As verse is articulated by measures, so also is prose style articulated and marked out by what are called "members." These members give rest, one might say, to the speaker and his discourse.

Sometimes a long member may be appropriate; at other times a short one may be fitting, as when our subject is something small. Xenophon, for example, says of the river Teleboas, in the passage where he describes the arrival of the Greeks on its banks: "this river was not large; beautiful it was, though." The slight and broken rhythm brings into relief both the smallness of the river and its grace. If Xenophon had expanded the idea and said: "this river was in size inferior to most rivers, but in beauty it surpassed them all," he would have failed in taste.

—Demetrius on *Style* (translated by W. Rhys Roberts, Loeb Classical Library).

AN ALPHABET OF THE ABYSS

The impossible task of saying any fit word to remind the world that William Blake is a hundred years dead, we can leave to stronger hands. I myself, in respect of the occasion, suggest only two things. First, contemplate a portrait (Linnell's, for instance) of that fine skull and its great dome of Fore Head. It was a Fore Head, not a forehead: a fore-castle in Spain if you prefer: such a brow and arch of pate as our race had also in Shakespeare, honorably denuded by the heat within. Mark the clear but anxious eye, the humorously pliant lips, the tender corrugation of the temples. On that brow there was much to be read between the lines, but it is the noble arch and slope of skull you'll most consider.

Then perhaps, taking one of the less precipitous of his volcanoes, climb up the sides of Songs of Experience and look down into the crater. Fires still burn, slow and deep, in those "indignant pages." He will not fool you with the gay little drawings, the vineyard tracery of his exquisite brush. Even the volcano may have the prettiest arbors and pastures on its green slope. There are 26 poems in that little book, a whole alphabet of the abyss. Perhaps they are integrated on a considered scheme. So it has sometimes seemed. The invocation, calling on Earth to return to her holy innocence, and then Earth's reply that jealousies and fears keep her bound in darkness, introduce a theme that carries on into the Nurse's song. Then, among apparently childish musings comes the immortal Letting in the Jungle, the three poems inhabited by lions and tigers. But Innocence remains the essential motif, until again interrupted by another explosion of elemental fire. The group of four psychological emblems (the Poison Tree, the Angel, the Sick Rose, and To Tirzah) are as searing as lava, and their meaning lies inside the grope of words. Tirzah even (we see by the facsimile edition duplicated from a British Museum copy and now published here by Minton, Balch) Blake pleased himself by sometimes coloring in a fiery orange tint.

We come back to flowers and children, but the worm is in the heart of the rose, the children are black with soot. It is interesting that the famous sunflower poem, perhaps as flagrantly graphic in suggestion as anything Blake ever did, he left unpictured. Laments for chimney-sweeps do not touch us closely nowadays, until perhaps we remember that here too we have black children of our own and haven't done much for them. As for the Human Abstract, with which he inscrutably and unanswerably concludes, each may well ponder it for himself. Anyone willing to spend an evening with Blake will admit no commentator to intervene. In that companionship three is a crowd.

Perhaps Fuseli made the perfect comment on Blake—"He's damned good to steal from."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Mr. Augustine Birrell recently confessed that some years ago he picked up a first edition of Gray's "Elegy" for 2s. 6d., sold it for £350, and had the chagrin to see it sold to America for £500, and later for £1,000!

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BORZOI BOOKS

Books of Special Interest

Through New Lenses

THE LOGIC OF MODERN PHYSICS. By P. W. BRIDGMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT PARSONS SACHS

WE moderns live in a strange world. We are living in a transitional era of the physical sciences. The new data are accumulating faster than we can generalize and correlate them. An atmosphere of uncertainty about fundamental laws prevails, a feeling that the many-sidedness of nature may yet be knitted into a comprehensive whole. We have the theory of relativity, the rise of the quantum theory, the knowledge of the electron structure of matter, to name a few, and yet underneath all this there remains the widespread conviction that the laws of nature can be expressed in a few simple generalizations and that investigation will bare these laws.

Professor Bridgman's book is designed not so much to give us a knowledge of facts as to provide a new outlook, and it must be acknowledged at once that in this he has succeeded. His work may justly be compared to Poincaré's famous "Science and Hypothesis" and is more valuable than Poincaré's work because its fundamental ideas are expressed more simply and free from the mathematical mold which sharpens the outline but hides it from most eyes.

At the very beginning the author points out that new kinds of experiences are always possible. Failure to recognize this is a common fault of scientists. Today we learn of the relativity theory and its effects on our concepts of time, space, and motion, or of the quantum theory and its effects on our concepts of radiation, and tomorrow we may meet new kinds of experience which will produce as their effects new outlooks on nature.

It is worth the while of every intelligent human being to read the short section on the operational character of concepts. A homely illustration not given by the author may help bring out the point. If I say a horse is twenty years old I may later find that I have been mistaken. If I say a horse is twenty years old *by his teeth* (assuming that a criterion for determining a horse's age by his teeth exists), I have defined the concept of the horse's age by the operation used in determining it. The possibility of error is greatly decreased (as one easily sees) by defining the age of the horse by the operation used to determine it. Even if the horse turns out to be fifteen years of age by his birth record, nevertheless the operational character of the concept gives us a picture of the horse as evidenced by his teeth. All knowledge if operationally determined is valuable. Einstein's great contribution is the implicit insistence that our concepts must be operational.

It follows that questions which cannot be answered by performing some physical operation are scientifically utterly meaningless. The question (put by Clifford) whether it is not possible that as the Solar System moves through space the absolute scale of magnitude is changing so that the relative magnitudes remain the same, is utterly meaningless because such a change would be apparent only to a being outside of the Solar System and his methods of measuring magnitudes would be operationally different from ours. Professor Bridgman gives a list of fifteen questions which are to be considered for their meaningfulness or meaninglessness. Questionnaire students can make a genuine contribution to natural philosophical discussions by studying and answering this little questionnaire.

Professor Bridgman considers our concepts of space, time, causality, identity, velocity, force, and mass, etc., and points out clearly and vividly what of experimental evidence we have and what is merely an endless circle of words. He then considers the profound questions of the hypotheses of the simplicity of nature, the finiteness of nature in the direction of the very small, and the determinateness of the future in terms of the present. A less able thinker could have expanded the consideration of these hypotheses into volumes—in fact, many have done so. Professor Bridgman deserves our gratitude that he has exercised philosophical restraint and preserved almost poetic economy in discussing these problems. One advantage of his attitude is that the problem is discussed and not obfuscated; the intelligent reader follows and is not lost. No recent book on physical science of any real value has equalled "The Logic of Modern Physics" for its logic, its sweeping vision, its economical and consequently esthetic consideration of a subject which intrigues and interests all men and succeeds in driving many away in sheer boredom and confusion by the explanations ordinarily accorded it.

A Noble Sect

THE QUAKERS: Their Story and Message. By A. NEAVE BRAYSHAW. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927.

Reviewed by AMELIA MOTT GUMMERE

THIS book is a revised and enlarged edition of a smaller volume with the same title, which appeared in 1921. Many changes have been made in the present edition, parts have been entirely rewritten, and the addition of a chapter on American Quakerism, with some minor corrections in the same line, have eliminated the criticism of the earlier volume, i. e., that only the English side was presented.

Mr. Brayshaw in this, as in his first edition, has proved himself a careful and sound historian as well as a most original and agreeable writer. He holds our interest continuously, despite the severely condensed character of his subject matter, with a vigorous but easy and finished style—an advantage not to be found in all historians of Quakerism, if one turns back but a few years. This book is not only a very comprehensive account of the rise of Quakerism in the seventeenth century, but it also interprets, as few others have done, the message of Quakerism to the modern world, which so much needs its simple but powerful appeal. One is taken, in the compass of less than three hundred pages, and without any sense of haste, through the period of Fox and of his immediate followers into the eighteenth century, and its growing quietism and seclusion. The anti-slavery labors of Woolman and Benezet and the prison reform movement inaugurated by Elizabeth Fry are among the philanthropies that distinguished the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, combating a growing timidity in the Society, out of which the Great War rudely but beneficially threw them.

The sufferings of the Quakers during that period of testing were great. It is not generally realized that for their peace testimony alone, more than two hundred and seventy members of the Society of Friends suffered imprisonment with hard labor for periods varying from a few months to more than two years. After the Armistice, the seven months before the Peace was signed were spent by English Quakers in preparing to aid the starving multitudes on the continent. They were soon joined by American Friends in this most noble and sacrificial effort. The story of the heroic rescue work of the English Friends; International Service, and the American Friends' Service Committee, acting in conjunctinon with Herbert Hoover's relief work in child feeding abroad, is a noble record of service with important and far-reaching international results, the end of which is not yet. Margaret E. Hirst has well told this particular tale in her "Quakers in Peace and War."

Mr. Brayshaw's book is an invaluable brief history of a people who are not always understood, but whose influence in the past has been great and important. They make no marked contribution to speculative theology, but specialize, as he says, "in a type of conduct and corporate witness that they believe to be in harmony with the inward experience of God in the Soul." One should in connection with this volume read Mr. Brayshaw's "Personality of George Fox," a very able and broad study of that remarkable man. The two books fit well together. Not only is this book (from Macmillan, by the way) a brief but amazingly clear setting forth of the rise and development of Quakerism, but it is an interpretation of the Quaker message and way of life. We may close with the quotation from Fox with which the author begins;—"Always feel a growing in the power of the Lord God that is universal and everlasting."

Roosevelt and the Caribbean

By Howard C. Hill

The carefully guarded Roosevelt Papers in the Library of Congress were perhaps the most notable sources of this book. Only two other people have been permitted by the government to examine them thoroughly. From them and other new material Mr. Hill has written a new chapter in the history of Roosevelt's negotiations with Central American countries.

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Foreign Literature

A Learned Tome

LA PENSÉE FRANÇAISE AU XVIII SIÈCLE. By DANIEL MORNET. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 1926.

Reviewed by ALBERT SCHINTZ
Smith College

AS in the other volume of the Collection Armand Colin, the aim of this work is to react against the tendency of recent years to be satisfied with the pigeonholing of facts without much attempt at finding the significance and value of these facts. A constructive synthetic view of all the data on hand up to this day on the French eighteenth century is suggested.

One can probably say that no period of French literature and thought has been so much studied in the last decade, and so much studied with the searching new methods of severe scholarship;—the reason being, it would seem, that the eighteenth century was a period of social unrest similar to ours in many respects. Moreover, of this eighteenth century in France, it can safely be said that no one has a broader knowledge than the learned Sorbonne professor. Mr. Mornet's command of facts is simply appalling;—and even discouraging to those who try to work in the same field. To classify within a little over two hundred pages this prodigious erudition was certainly a task, and it must have cost the author great effort to prevent his own mind from being submerged under the stream of the cards. He seems not to be submerged . . . but the writer would not dare to assert too positively that some of his readers will not be. At any rate, it is impossible to read many pages at a time: every point made is illustrated by such an array of names, and titles, and dates, that one gets dizzy.

Mr. Mornet's volume would make a splendid work of reference; but to answer this purpose, it ought to be provided with an index, and the index would have to be so voluminous as almost to duplicate the size of the book. Certain it is that it will not be advisable hereafter to publish any work of any scope on the French eighteenth century, without consulting this little volume, in order to make sure that what one wanted to say had not been found out before, in order to complete one's own information, and in order to ascertain how far other aspects of the point in question had been studied.

Columbus Demoted

LA VÉRIDIQUE AVENTURE DE CHRISTOPHE COLOMB. By MARIUS ANDRÉ. Paris: Plon. 1927.

Reviewed by CLIFFORD S. PARKER

THIS professedly "true" story of Columbus may shock those whose notions of the great discoverer are based wholly on what they learned in school books or on what they have read in the works of adulatory historians like Prescott and Washington Irving. Unfortunately M. André is as partial and prejudiced in minimizing the importance and defaming the character of the Admiral as others (especially those French writers who campaigned for his canonization) have been in eulogizing him. His book is an attempt to popularize, through the use of a partly fictional form, the discoveries of the "higher criticism" that for the last forty years has been actively directed upon the career of Columbus. Though M. André, who for ten years was a French consul in Spain, has read for himself the original documents, he adds little or nothing to what can be found in a scholarly and detailed work like Justin Winsor's "Christopher Columbus."

That the character of Columbus was made up largely of vanity, stubbornness, avarice, and despotism, that he was an adventurer, a visionary, and a prevaricator, cannot obliterate the fact that he and he alone instigated and led the expedition that first crossed the Atlantic Ocean. As he was searching for the islands and the continent of India (which to his dying day he thought he had found), his discovery of the West Indies was a blunder. But it was a fact; it opened the way to further exploration; it remains true that in spite of all his faults, "no man" (to quote Professor Mussey) "has done more to change the course of human history than Christopher Columbus."

M. André's readers should be warned against his book's presumption of veracity, its thesis that the reputation of Columbus is merely a matter of legend, its presentation of the hero as a man to be despised. How much better it would have been to have fictionized his life sympathetically as a tragedy of pitiful delusions and disappointments—a climax of honor and glory—a catastrophe of obscurity, insanity, and death!

Les Romantiques

LE ROMANTISME. By LOUIS REYNAUD. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 1926.

Reviewed by FREDERICK E. PIERCE
Yale University

FOR years French critics have been insisting that the natural spirit of their literature is classic, that romanticism was a foreign importation, never really incorporated into the national thought. Professor Reynaud reiterates this thesis with the enthusiasm of a patriot, and in the main with the thoroughness of a scholar. He ranges over a wide field, and in foreign literatures, German and English, is guilty of a few trifling inaccuracies; but they are not such as to impair his general conclusions. As far as the human mind can judge, a France isolated from the world would never have generated romanticism, and a France less infatuated with the traditions of its ancient enemies would never have persisted in romanticism when once developed.

There are, however, certain minor by-paths of thought in this book which go wandering into debatable country. Any careful student of comparative literature knows that the influence of one country on another is often an influence working through misunderstanding. So at times the debtor nation copies, not the real essence of the literature supposed to be its model, but a mistaken conception of that literature existing only in its own mind. And even where it copies accurately, it often chooses the worst of a foreign literature, instead of the best. So it is not fair to judge the model by the copy. Professor Reynaud is right in saying that the French romantic movement was often materialistic, and that this materialism was stimulated by English and German influence. But he is not right in implying that the English and German movements, as wholes, were materialistic. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake, Keats and Shelley in England, Hölderlin, Novalis, Eichendorff, and Kleist in Germany, were definitely at war with the prevailing materialism of their age. Professor Reynaud does not distinguish sharply enough between the popular authors of the day, catering to the weaknesses of their age, and the great unpopular idealists, who often traveled in a very different direction. He also emphasizes too strongly his point that romanticism was a Protestant movement, hostile to Catholic tradition. The movement covered a vast and varied territory. Sometimes its influence was anti-Catholic, as in Mrs. Radcliffe, sometimes pseudo-Catholic, as in Friedrich Schlegel, sometimes nobly Catholic, as in Eichendorff. But a movement which sent half a dozen New England Transcendentalists into the Roman communion, which helped to start the Tractarian agitation, which in Germany was considered by Eichendorff as an instrument for bringing the Teutonic world back to the ancient faith—such a movement cannot be dismissed as simply Protestant. It ramified through all countries, theologies, and philosophies. It belonged to all creeds and no creed. Much as we admire his scholarship, we do at times suspect Professor Reynaud of patriotic prejudices, of trying to prove, not only that the French brand of poetry, but also the French brand of Catholicism is the best. The romantic and Catholic poets of Ireland might object.

But, in spite of some prejudices, the book is of unquestionable value. It develops with insight and elaborate evidence a conception of literary history in which we have always believed. One after another, the leading nations of Europe have assumed the literary hegemony, and stamped the literatures of their neighbors with their own national stamp. The renaissance was the literary hegemony of Italy, the neo-classic period that of France, the romantic period that of England and Germany. Monsieur Reynaud's book simply deepens our conviction that this is the true conception of history. Romanticism was the natural spirit of the north. When the nations of the north took the literary leadership, all Europe, superficially a least, became romantic. Now France is trying to free herself from a foreign tradition, inimical to her own best artistic development, however it may favor such development in her northern neighbors. Such is the main message of Professor Reynaud's book, and it is a noble and true one.

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Points of View

More About Gissing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Happening to see a recent number of your paper, I find in it a foot-and-mouth attack on George Gissing by Mr. McFee.

McFee seems particularly annoyed because Gissing knew Latin and Greek. He could "spout" the classics, he says, and implies that on account of this Gissing was a "superior person" to be despised by all horny-handed sons of toil. This uneasiness before classical culture, this self-assertive swagger in the presence of it, is no doubt an indication of the fact that Mr. McFee's own instruction has a good number of gaps; for no civilized man could be such a fool as to think that such a profound knowledge as Gissing had of the great writers of Greece and Rome is anything but a benefit. Just the trouble with Gissing is that he forgot altogether the lessons in art to be derived from the Latin and Greek classics when he sat down to write his novels.

I never knew Gissing, but I met him once in rather a numerous company. Anybody less like Mr. McFee's Superior Person—using this phrase as McFee does in a disparaging sense—it would be difficult to imagine. It was at the end of his life. He looked ill and seemed shy—not with the surly shyness of some, but anxiously shy, as a man not sure of his ground or even of himself. This I thought odd, for by that time he was become well known and had many admirers, some of whom placed him very high indeed, while they agreed that his books were "depressing." Well yes, depressing, but not dull, or only dull when he strayed from his real nature and tried to copy Dickens and to be blithe and lightsome.

Not only "New Grub Street," to which Mr. McFee gives reluctant praise, but "In the Year of Jubilee," "The Odd Women," "Denzil Quarrier," "Demos," "The Nether World," are all remarkable books, here and there great in their way. "The Whirlpool," the last important book he wrote, is a masterpiece which may be placed beside other masterpieces of his period, such as "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Evan Harrington." While the general novel of the time dealt with the Hall and the Rectory and the love affairs of the young squire, while even the best of them, George Eliot's for instance, never got beyond the story of individuals, Gissing took sections of English life presented impartially, thus offering them for criticism. Compared with the books mentioned, how insignificant appear the novels which George Moore was offering about the same time, "A Mummer's Wife," "Mike Fletcher," etc., or to get even lower down, "As in a Looking-Glass," by F. C. Phillips, a book which sold by thousands at a time when Gissing was all but starving. Meredith and John Morley have it to their credit that they were not obfuscated by the small success of Gissing's books: they saw in him the recorder of their time—not completely, of course, nor on the whole, saliently, but of that part turned to shadow.

One may object to the theory—the philosophy if you like—of Gissing's books, as one may object to the theory of Trollope, Disraeli, Thackeray—especially Thackeray. It were too long to explain here what that theory was, but I am ready to do it in an article for any editor who asks me. What I would say now is that Gissing did with one section of Victorian society what Trollope did with another. Trollope has lately been revived with much praise in England. Gissing is more profound, more scientific, and living, while Trollope is archaic, for the reason that the poor we have always with us, but Bishops and Cathedral clergy not always. Only the English can appreciate writers like Trollope and Jane Austen, but Gissing's books will come home to any foreigner. Why should he not swim if Trollope does? Has any one else rendered the dingy, frowsy, drab middle-class English as he?

There is of course surplusage in most of his novels, even deliberate padding. In his time the old three-decker—the three-volume novel, sold at a guinea and a half; and owing to the circulating libraries this system of book-production was hard to kill. The unfortunate author was obliged to spin out to the prescribed length, just as a generation earlier Dickens and Thackeray were obliged to pad out their "Number." Gissing survived into the time of the one-volume novel sold at six shillings, and that is certainly one of the reasons why his later novels are in many respects his best.

It is easy enough to sneer at Gissing's "amorous weaknesses" and all that. It is not easy to overestimate his courage in writing as he did. He was paid a small sum by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. for each novel, and on this miserable pittance he had mainly to live and keep his wife and children living till the next novel was finished. Now, I have been told that Smith, Elder & Co. were constantly holding a threat over his head to drop him, and they suppressed whatever did not please them. Till near the end of his life, when he fell into more liberal hands, Gissing believed that if they did drop him he would never find another publisher. In this extraordinary torment he passed his days, depending on Meredith's admiration to keep him well with the firm in Waterloo Place. Oh, yes, he was "a literary man," as Mr. McFee says, sneeringly.

He speaks with cruel satisfaction of Gissing's failure in the United States. But this failure is more to the discredit of the U.S.A. than of Gissing. A country which could not otherwise utilize a man of Gissing's immense qualifications (for these, cf. the Dictionary of National Biography, Supplement 1) than to make him a plumber's and gas-fitter's mate was still in the pioneer stage. When Gissing assembled a little money he fled in horror from the U. S. A. and passed with perfect ease from the state of plumber's mate in Utica, N. Y. to the state of a highly esteemed *privat-docent* at Göttingen. Could Mr. McFee, could many of the rest of us, do that? Gissing knew German well and liked Germany. It is a pity he could not have managed to stay there. He would have been happier. But he was thoroughly English on both father's and mother's side. It may be said that the misfortunes of his life were due to an English understanding of the laws of life. In other countries his life would have shaped otherwise. Such mistakes as wrecked him in England would have found their solution very easily elsewhere.

I must add, that if I write to praise and defend Gissing, it is because I regard him objectively as a considerable figure in the English literature of the nineteenth century. But his kind of literature, realism in the manner of Goncourt, Zola, George Moore, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and a horde of others, is to me the most detestable literature in the world, and I rejoice that it is now dead everywhere except in America. At his best, when he was really inspired, Gissing shook off the encumbering chains. The last chapters of "The Whirlpool" are an example of what he could do when he did. And it is to his credit that while other eminent authors have produced mechanical books, or books which are mere repetitions of their most popular effort, he erred only on the side of the distressing detail.

It is a mistake to put him, as Mr. McFee does, among the writers of the eighteen-nineties in English, if by that is understood those writers who contributed to the earlier *Yellow Book* and then to *The Savoy*. On these he had no influence whatever. What could be less like a fiction of Gissing's than a fiction of Max Beerbohm's? Mrs. Craigie may be taken as a representative novelist of the eighteen-nineties, and she never suggests Gissing. He belonged to the preceding generation. Aubrey Beardsley and Gissing died within four years of each other, but Gissing was forty-eight and Beardsley only twenty-five.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

Paris, France.

The Eugenists

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In his very interesting review of the Autobiography of Hans Christian Andersen, Mr. Colum says, "Back of this poverty there was feeble-mindedness on the side of Andersen's father. Indeed if the eugenists of our day could have had power then, Hans Andersen would never have been allowed to come into the world at all. His father for all that, was a remarkable man." It seems a pity that very intelligent men should so misinterpret the objects of the eugenists, because the advocates of eugenic reform must depend on the help of the intelligent to educate the less intelligent. In every movement there are enthusiasts whose views are extreme, and lacking in common sense, but if one wishes to know what the eugenists are trying to do he need only read the article on "The Survival of the Unfit" in the August number of the *Forum* by Leonard Darwin, one of the recognized heads of the movement.

CHARLES HERRMAN, M.D.

New York.

A Retort Courteous

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

It takes a bold and reckless soul to dash between a man, his Maker, and his friends.

But today is the day of boldness. And I, like the whole world, admire it.

I trust, however, my swearing may not have disturbed the Scottish Dialects Committee, whose meeting I burst in on so informally.

Charleston, S. C. JOHN BENNETT.

Editor's Note—Mr. Bennett refers in this good-humored and humorous epistle to the rudeness with which the printer thrust him into the midst of the proceedings of the Scottish Dialects Committee by inserting a dash before the last line of his "Epitaph," thereby adding the line to the following note. We have already made acknowledgment of this error in our issue of July 30. We reprint Mr. Bennett's letter as evidence of the gallantry with which he has accepted the mishap.

The Romanticist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In his communication to your issue of July 16, Mr. J. Hamilton gently condemns my article, "Perennial Romanticism," for failing to give "any clear-cut definition of the word 'romanticism.'" The omission is evident and it was quite deliberate. I had no intention of adding one more to the innumerable definitions of romanticism already available. Descartes, indeed, seems to have supposed that it was possible to give a clear-cut definition of practically any old idea and that a correct definition embodied the truth of the idea. Modern science, however, with modern philosophy in its wake, has abandoned the notion of "correct" definition and adopted the more modest attitude that a definition is of value, not in itself, but in proportion as it leads toward facts. With abstract concepts, relatively sharp definitions are possible: a triangle or a circle may be clearly defined because there is so little to say about it and the facts to which it leads are all of geometrical character. With historical concepts, on the other hand,—paganism, humanism, Christianity, romanticism,—each of which comes saturated with a thousand varying illustrations—the thing is no longer possible. The facts to which our word is to lead—in each case an immense group of highly complex and varying individuals—will only be indicated by a word of complex and varying meanings. The definition of such a word requires, not a single sentence, as my Cartesian critic seems to suppose, but volumes.

All that I attempted to do in the offending article was to point out in my unsystematic way certain characteristics frequently found in those whom we are pleased to call romanticists, with special reference to three particular writers who possess some of these characteristics. In conclusion my point may be illustrated by the definition of romanticism which Mr. Hamilton wonders if I would accept: "the romanticist has and expresses an emotion in relation to his subject: he kneads his own personal reactions into his work, so that it is never purely objective." This, it seems to me, might perhaps be elaborated, properly qualified, into a helpful lead, but just as it stands it would include among romanticists Dryden, Pope, Molière, Thackeray, Trollope, and, in the last analysis, every writer of literary merit, since literature differs from science precisely in this addition of subjective reactions to objective fact. It is, indeed, "a clear-cut definition," but it is hardly useful.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Washington, D. C.

C. W. Eliot Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The family of the late Charles W. Eliot and I are desirous of obtaining as many as possible of his letters to correspondents both at home and abroad, for use or reference in connection with a biography or biographical collection of letters which I have agreed to prepare for publication. Mr. Eliot's life covered such a long span and his correspondence was so wide that we are trying to take every means of reaching what may be interesting. Letters may be sent to me at 10 East 10th Street, New York City, or if sent to the Eliot family they will be forwarded to me.

HENRY JAMES.

Westbrook, L. I.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THREE ESSAYS IN METHOD. By *Bernard Berenson*. Oxford University Press. $14.

THE ARCHITECT IN HISTORY. By *Martin S. Briggs*. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

Belles Lettres

SIBYLLA OR THE REVIVAL OF PROPHECY. By C. A. MACE. Dutton. 1927. $1.

Mr. Mace's contribution to the Today and Tomorrow Series turns out to be a *jeu désprit*—a little heavily playful perhaps, but skilfully done in this respect that it does not give itself away from the first. The possibilities of scientific prophecy seems to be presented with reasonable favor, until the growing extravagance betrays the irony. Mr. Mace appears to be poking fun—if not at the rest of Today and Tomorrow Series—at least at some of its preceding volumes.

STRAPHANGERS. By *Arnold Palmer*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC IDEA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By *P. Gooch*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

Biography

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF FRANCIS HOPKINSON. By GEORGE EVERETT HASTINGS. University of Chicago Press. 1927. $4.50.

If Francis Hopkinson, Signer of the Declaration, scientist, jurist, and artist, was really a charming and distinguished little man, it ought to have been possible to have written a more interesting book about him. Here are almost five hundred pages of dull primary material, mainly impressive as testimony to the author's amazing patience.

The first two hundred pages are largely quotation and analysis of the doggerel of Hopkinson's youth. The American Revolution breaks out overnight. Hopkinson was thirty-eight at the time, six years younger than Washington, and he seems to have no hesitancy in devoting his pen to the Cause. In 1778 his meagre salary from the Naval Board distresses him. The Army had been starving at Valley Forge the previous winter. When the British *do not* sack his house at Bordentown, he frankly exaggerates his property losses in a letter to Franklin. He is appointed Treasurer of Loans and writes Franklin what a good job it would be if the salary were larger. He had $2,000 from it and £500 from another job and there may have been men in the patriot armies with less. He does some heraldic work for the Admiralty and asks a quarter cask of wine in return. Another bill is criticized, he resigns, and Robert Morris seems relieved. With the peace, he writes Washington for a job before Washington is President. He receives a pleasant letter from Jefferson and asks him to get him appointed Director of the Mint. He seems to have been a persistent job-hunter, though, in fairness to him, he apparently did his work well. He was one of the executors of Franklin's will, surely a tribute to his abilities.

In this book, as in a recent biography of the Signer, Gwinnett, the author appears to feel that being a Signer makes a man great and good, and his most trivial words or actions important. In both cases, if we are to judge from these books, they were tiresome and unimportant men of whom it is not possible to write except tiresomely.

JOHN SARGENT. By the HON. EVAN CHARTENIS. Scribners. 1927. $6 net.

In this official biography of John Sargent the real thinness of the performance is sofewhat concealed by the portliness of the volume itself and by the literary skill with which the author introduces the necessary padding. The case could hardly be otherwise. Sargent wrote very few letters, and was too discreet or perhaps too indifferent to express opinions about his contemporaries. Thus except for a hint of his attitude towards Carmencita and Ellen Terry and the bare note that President Wilson, of whom he painted one of his poorer portraits, was an agreeable and satisfactory sitter, we have hardly a word about the hundreds of great men and beautiful women who sat to him. If Sargent had intended to baffle a future biographer, he need not have acted differently. The available material would only reach to a short monograph.

Thus what is ostensibly a memoir is really devoted to the painter's times and to laudatory criticism of his professional practice. This is well enough done, but the theme itself is barren. Except for his gift for music, there never was a more narrowly professional artist, so far as the records go. Among his contemporaries he admired deeply only Monet, a brief correspondence with whom with comments on impressionism is among the few tidbits in the book. He wrote an enthusiastic preface for an exhibition of Zuloaga. There is evidence of profound admiration for Ingres. Among old masters he adored El Greco and Velasquez, regarding, however, Frans Hals as the supremely exemplary artist for a portrait painter. This opinion casts a light on Sargent's own love of objective reality and explains his lack of human curiosity and imagination. Had we sufficient information concerning the great episode of his mural painting, this impression might be modified, but here we find only a few colorless studio notes. He was evidently a generous friend and a great gentleman. One's personal admiration goes out strongly to a world-famous artist who so completely wrapped himself in the impenetrable dignity of his privacy, but this very dignity makes his life hard going for a biographer.

Under the circumstances Mr. Charteris has done well to produce an entirely readable book which has the positive merit also of presenting the first fairly complete list of John Sargent's pictures.

OLD STICK-LEG. Extracts from the Diaries of Major Thomas Austin. Dial. 1927. $3.50.

No period in history has attracted the attention given to that comprising the few years dominated by Napoleon. The mere fact that over one hundred thousand volumes have been written upon this subject seems to offer little obstacle to the publication of new matter. Since a great deal of the memoirs and recollections of the period has come from French sources, it is pleasant to record a new contribution from an English participant in the great struggle.

While the career of Thomas Austin in active service was short, it was eventful. Commissioned ensign in 1810 at the age of fifteen, he was made lieutenant in 1813 and sent off to join the Army of Holland where he aided in mopping up the French strongholds. He was there but a few months before a cannon ball struck off his left leg and terminated abruptly his military career. Thus this diary is but a fragment, but it is none the less interesting. The author was a realist, and very much of a Spartan. War to him was business. He describes the amputation of his own leg, performed without anesthetics and under the most distressing circumstances, with the nonchalance of a bystander. While waiting for the surgeon he was able to observe what was going on, and even converse on the military operations with his fellow-wounded.

The diary is short; the whole book comprising only a little over 200 pages. The arranger and editor, Brigadier-General H. H. Austin, gives the impression that the diaries in their original form are much more voluminous. There are comparatively few diaries, however, which are not improved by judicious editing, especially when their authors, as in this case, are fond of generalizing and moralizing somewhat pompously. Yet Major Austin undoubtedly possessed a gift for graphic description. He gives a most interesting portrayal of how poorly an army could be run in the early nineteenth century, how the allies failed to coöperate in their field operation, how the orders conflicted, and how the wretched commissariat drove the troops to forage around the country side for themselves. There is one especially realistic picture of the method of preparing the noon-day meal, where in a short space of sixty minutes the ancient cattle driven with the army were butchered, cut up, cooked on pointed sticks over bundles of brush, and devoured. For those who are interested in the period the book is well worth reading.

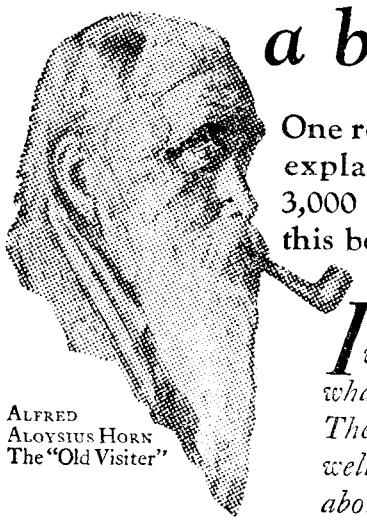
THE LIFE OF SIR ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM. By *M. E.* and *F. A. Markham*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

"WE." By *Charles A. Lindbergh*. Putnam. $2.50.

DOROTHY AND WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. By *C. M. McLean*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

(*Continued on next page*)

"I can tell a porcupine from a billiard ball!"



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The New Books

Economics

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE SOCIALISM OF SHAW. By *George Bernard Shaw*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

WELLS' SOCIAL ANTICIPATIONS. By *H. G. Wells*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

LONDON'S ESSAYS ON REVOLT. By *Jack London*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

RUSKIN'S VIEWS OF SOCIAL JUSTICE. By *John Ruskin*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

Fiction

FACE VALUE. By J. L. CAMPBELL. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

In "Face Value" we find an emphatic restatement of a truth that is none too widely accepted. The novel is essentially an exposition of the fact that our ideas of goodness and badness are often false. For example, a prostitute may be a much more estimable individual than a respectable business man. Obviously if we use inflexible and limited standards to measure virtue and vice, we do an injustice to the qualities that nine times out of ten make life worth living. This novel quite rightly suggests that a "bad" woman may do more to make the world a gracious home for humanity than a "good" man and his copy-book moralities. Such a credo, of course, will find few sympathizers and many opponents.

Mr. Campbell has perhaps made the contrast between conventional vice and conventional virtue unnecessarily extreme. The novel covers the first nineteen years in the life of Serge English, a boy brought up in a Parisian brothel; his knowledge, except for a little schooling and a short trip to Havre on a river barge, was limited to its four walls. We see the Madame and her girls through his eyes, and we see them as no different from other mortals. In his eighteenth year Serge is adopted by a "respectable" English couple, and his misery then begins. The problem is set by the differing standards and the differing realities of his two worlds. Solution of the boy's dilemma is not accomplished deftly; fumbling in bringing the narrative to a close prevents the novel's attaining excellence.

We recommend "Face Value" to anyone who will not be outraged by the open discussion of Madame Rey's establishment and its customs. Such a reader will see that the author of this novel is neither purposely sensational nor in any degree offensive; we cannot answer, however, for readers of a different type. Aside from subject matter the novel is indisputably acceptable, for although it has few distinguished passages, it is often arresting and always intelligent.

PILGRIMS. By ETHEL MANNIN. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

"Pilgrims" stands well up in that class of novels, so frequently nowadays, about young men whose art becomes quite a problem for them and whose twenties are occupied in having love affairs, forming intellectual friendships, savoring the world, and eventually coming to grips with life. We have the satisfaction in the present case of knowing that "Pilgrims" is creative work and not autobiographical. Miss Mannin, indeed, has written her novel about a young man better than most young men write about themselves; she writes with a good deal of spirit and vividness, and a genuine talent for drawing background. Her hero, a young Dutchman brought up by his great-aunt and great-uncle, the latter an art-dealer of the old school, grows up a painter of the new. His uncle, incapable of enjoying modern art, comes to the conclusion that Louis cannot paint, and the young man is finally forced to prove his faith in himself by earning his own living. He goes to Paris, and after having his ups and downs, begins to make progress. For we are shown that Louis is something of a true artist, above the nonsense of the Latin Quarter.

For a long time Louis's life is complicated by his love for Frieda Meyerberg, a young philistine who cannot give him much sympathy or understanding, and he gets off lucky when she marries some one else. His later Parisian experiences are varied, and Miss Mannin describes them skilfully enough to keep the reader interested. Her book is hardly important in any sense, and Louis fails to become very memorable, but the whole story succeeds in being plausible and not without charm. Miss Mannin still lacks the sure power of the mature novelist, but as a delineator of manners, a stylist, and a story-teller, she is far more talented than the majority of younger novelists.

THERE WAS ONCE A CITY. By *Godfrey E. Turton*. Knopf. $2.50.

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS. By *Marmaduke Pickthall*. Knopf.

SIR POMPEY AND MADAME JUNO. By *Martin Armstrong*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

WOLF SONG. By *Harvey Fergusson*. Knopf. $2.50.

BLIND CORNER. By *Dornford Yates*. Minton, Balch. $2.

ZELDA MARSH. By *Charles E. Norris*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE CROOKSHAVEN MURDER. By *Alexander* Morrison. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

FIGHTING BLOOD. By *Donal Hamilton Haines*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

MEANWHILE. By *H. G. Wells*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE SHIP SAILS ON. By *Nordahl Grieg*. Knopf. $2.50.

A PRINCE OF OUTLAWS. By *Count Alexis Tolstoy*. Knopf. $3.

THE JOY RIDE. By *John G. Brandon*. Dial. $2.

A HELLUVA WAR. By *Arthur Guy Empey*. Appleton. $2.

THE WHITE AND GOLD LADY. By *Foxhall Daingerfield*. Doran. $2 net.

THE GILT CAGE. By *Marguerite Steen*. Doran. $2 net.

MORNING THUNDER. By *Nalbro Bartley*. Doran.

History

THE RELATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON TO AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By *William Kirk Woolery*. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.

A STUDY OF RACES IN THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST. By *William H. Worrell*. Appleton.

THE INQUISITION. By *A. L. Maycock*. Harper's. $4.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By *David Somerwell*. Harper's. $1.

HISTORY OF THE 308TH INFANTRY. By *L. Wardlaw Miles*. Putnam's. $5.

CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Athens. Edited by *J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook*, and *F. E. Adcock*. Macmillan.

A POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By *Frederick C. Dietz*. Macmillan.

MINUTES OF THE COURT OF ALBANY, RENSSELAERSWICH AND SCHENECTADY. Vol. I. Translated and Edited by *A. J. F. Van Laer*. Albany: University of the State of New York.

THE HISTORICA PONTIFICALIS OF JOHN OF SALISBURY. Edited by *Reginald L. Poole*. Oxford University Press. $12.

Miscellaneous

NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS: The Trial of Abraham Thornton, Edited by *Sir John Hall*; The Trial of Mrs. Maybrick, Edited by *H. B. Irving*; The Trial of Burke and Hare, Edited by *William Roughead*; The Trial of Madeleine Smith, Edited by *A. Duncan Smith*; The Trial of Herbert Rowse Armstrong, Edited by *Tilson Young*; The Trial of Oscar Slater, Edited by *William Roughead*. Day. 6 vols.

HAND-TO-MOUTH BUYING. *Metropolitan Life Insurance Company*.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH FARM. By *M. E. Seebohm*. Howard University Press.

THE STORY OF PHALLICISM. By *Lee Alexander Stone*. Covici. 2 vols.

EDITORIAL SILENCE. By *Robert T. Morris*. Stratford. $2.50.

ALWAYS BELITTLIN'. By *Percy Crosby*. Unicorn Press, 5 East 57th St., N. Y. $1.60 net.

ALFALFER ANN'S AFERISMS. By *Charles F. Rideal*. Illustrated by *Edward T. Sajous*. Avondale Press.

PHINEAS SPEAKS. By *Arthur Conan Doyle*. Doran. &1 net.

THE OLD YELLOW BOOK. By *John Marshall Gest*. University of Pennsylvania Press. $5.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS. Boston: Porter Sargent, 11 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

COMMON SENSE HEALTH. By *Arthur Geiringer*. Crofts.

MENTAL HYGIENE. By *Daniel Wolford La Rue*. Macmillan. $2.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BOND INVESTMENT. By *Lawrence Chamberlain* and *George W. Edwards*. Holt. $7.50.

A BOOK OF SHANTIES. By *C. Fox Smith*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

KEY TO MUSICIANSHIP. By *Christine Trotin*. Estee Company, 200 Carnegie Hall, New York City. $3.

Philosophy

THE FUTURE OF FUTURISM. By JOHN RODKER. (Today and Tomorrow Series). Dutton. 1927. $1.

This is a brilliantly intellectual brief paper bound in book-form. Mr. Rodker says in his conclusion, "What is new to humanity is the belated consciousness of its increasing sensibility." He has traced earlier the sources of this increase. "Futurism," as he says sanely, "is a dress and not a quality of the soul," but he discusses possibilities and probabilities as to what, in the realm of literature (to which he limits himself at the outset), the future may evolve in order to express itself. He speaks of Futurism's Protean shapes and of its general nature. He touches upon: Marinetti, words and ideas in free association, mathematical preoccupation, the artist's turning "in emulation to something which would be analogous to the scientist's measuring sticks and instruments of precision," and the perception of "a vast wealth of primitive forms and decoration" and their rhythms. He points out the possible acquirement by man of "a new sense or two," the equal possibility of his being still involved in the same old problems of soul and sex, the present decline of interest among the masses in the search for absolute truth, our feminine standards of today and their influence on our literature, the possibility of the literature of the future taking to free association, mechanical exercise, calligram, or the pure document. He discusses Miss Stein at one end of the scale and E. E. Cummings at the other. He emphasizes the necessity for abstractions "dependent on qualities which do not trade on the emotions," and a probable concomitant but directly contrary development of literature in the direction of studying the minutest variations. There is a section on the Russian influence, and a plea for agility on the part of those interested in "the final elements of the emotions, their chemical formula if that were possible, and in ideas apart from their application." He also speaks of the need for a new language, for "some shorthand of the emotions." He decries our present expression as "so circumscribed by traditional form, subject and accustomed reaction," remarking ironically upon "the proper study of mankind being man and its setting apparently the nursery." He foresees the possibility of the arts merging into each other for a period, citing the clavilux. He dwells upon "the impoverishment of the language which we see from day to day," and claps the scientist on the back for having taken seven-league strides ahead of the artist. After discussion of D. H. Lawrence and the intuitions, he speaks of a possible future priesthood of artists, and concludes that "posterity must choose from the various tendencies," the free association of ideas, the complicated grammatical structure, the cerebrally prophetic, the capturing of remote vibrations of feeling. It will be seen that this is all extremely intellectual and beyond the concern of the "man in the street." But then Mr. Rodker is trying to see into the future. His paper is, at least, rather stimulating, and, obliquely, with a little study, acquaints one with the most modern theories and tendencies of the time. He is able in exposition, though the highest category of the literature of the future that we are forced by his exposition to contemplate seems to us to recede into the fourth dimension or into the realm of pure mathematics, so far as its contact with any conceivable congeries of human beings is concerned. But then, what of the human beings of the future? History, however, gives us little hope that their faculties in general will be much more acute than now.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MENTAL DISORDERS. By *Abraham Myerson*. Macmillan. $1.40.

HINDU MYSTICISM. By *S. N. Dasgupta*. Open Court. $2.

THE INNER WORLD OF CHILDHOOD. By *Frances G. Wickes*. Appleton. $3.

Poetry

FROM THE BOOK OF EXTENUATIONS. By EDMUND VANCE COOKE. Doran. 1927. $1.50.

Mr. Cooke's conception of this book was excellent. The idea was to take a group of characters from the Bible, characters that had sustained popular criticism, and give them their day in court to state their side of the case. Mr. Cooke begins with the Serpent, gives us a more chivalrous Adam than is usual, explains Cain's point of view, and so on. We are glad that Jezebel and even the Seven Devils get a hearing. The poems are interspersed with brief prose introductions.

The execution of the book is not uniformly as salient as one could wish. "Noah," "Cain," "Pilate," "The Wife of Job," are among the best portraits. The point of view on "Judas," though not new, is interesting. Mr. Cooke can cite chapter and verse for his interpretations, though he does not force them upon any one and presents his little book most affably. Mr. William Allen White, in his introduction, calls the verses "songs," about as inaccurate a title as we can think of. They are in no sense songs. They are not "lovely songs," as he further qualifies them. They are cleverly conceived soliloquies, with a deep irony implicit in them. Fierceness glints in some of them, and in some of them humor. With the best intentions in the world Mr. White seems to have misapprehended just about as completely as possible the nature of Mr. Cooke's writing. Our only criticism of Mr. Cooke is that he has not carried out his excellent idea with such major artistry as Browning, for instance, would have brought to it.

BRANCHES OF ADAM. By *John Gould Fletcher*. London: Faber & Gwyer.

THE DANCE AT THE FLYING BROOMSTICK. By *Frederick A. Wright*. Vinal.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS. By *George G. Cox*. Vinal. $1.50.

FIRST FRUITS OF A YOUNG TREE. By *Alfred Eichler*. Vinal. $1.50.

COPPER SUN. By *Countee Cullen*. Harpers. $2.

LEAVEN FOR LOAVES. By *Frederick Herbert Ader*. Vinal. $2.

PROPHET OF A NAMELESS GOD. By *Joseph Kinmont Hart*. Vinal.

THE HOUSE OF SILK. By *Audrey Wurdemann*. Vinal. $1.50.

POEMS. By *Daisy Sanial Gill*. Vinal.

Religion

WORLD'S STRANGE RELIGIONS. By FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER. New York: The Thompson Barlow Co. 1927. 6 vols. $3.

The five-foot book-shelf has now been succeeded by the five-inch book-shelf. Within such space, or less, we have compressed all of the "world's strange religions," with the exception of the strangest of all, Christianity. The exception is presumably due to the assumption, possibly not wholly correct, that everyone among us knows what Christianity is. Otherwise, we have here religion in a nutshell. "Savage Gods of Savage Men," "Pagan Gods of Pagan Nations," "Dead Gods of Dead Civilizations," "Gods of the Orient," "God of the Moslem World," "Gods of the Yellow Race," all pass gaily by, with a hop, skip, and jump. And Mr. Miller has really done a good job of it. His point of view is indicated by the sub-title "Man's Search for God." Journalistic and sensational in style, he is nevertheless intelligent and tolerant, fairly well abreast of modern studies in anthropology and comparative religion, and sufficiently accurate for his popular purposes. Compared with such a work as James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," which our fathers used to read, this series, of course, looks pretty sick; but our fathers did not have to squeeze in their religion between newspaper extras of each successive Atlantic crossing. These little volumes, neatly bound in *papier maché*, clearly printed on good paper, are admirably adapted for slipping in the pocket to read on the street-car while going to or from one's work.

H. G. WELLS

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

H. J., Benton Harbor, Mich., asks for the list of the world's best novels as chosen by Arnold Bennett, saying that as all the works were Russian, the value of the reply would be increased if I should indicate the best English translations.

MR. BENNETT considers Dostoievsky's "Brothers Karamazov" the finest novel ever written; following this come three other Dostoievskys: "The Idiot," "Memoirs of the House of the Dead," and "Crime and Punishment;" Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace," and "Resurrection;" Turgeniev's "Torrents of Spring," "Virgin Soil," "On the Eve," and "Fathers and Children," and Gogol's "Dead Souls." As for translations, whenever Constance Garnett has turned a book into English, I take that in preference to any other translation: she has made a complete translation of the novels of Dostoievsky, published by Macmillan, who also publish her complete translation of the novels of Turgeniev. For years we have had to take what we could get from an English version of Gogol's masterpiece, but now Mrs. Garnett has put it into two volumes for Knopf, and though I was brought up on the translation of "Anna Karenina" by Nathan Haskell Dole, which is still in print, (Crowell), I must mention to keep the record straight that Mrs. Garnett's translation of this novel—which to my way of thinking beats even "Karamazov" all hollow—is now published by Macrae-Smith in their Rittenhouse Classics. Nathan Haskell Dole's translation of "War and Peace" (Crowell) is the only one, and it has been lately issued by the same house in a one-volume edition as well as in the original three volumes. Mrs. Louise Maude translates "Resurrection" (Dodd, Mead).

There is a quite different list in "Forum Papers, First Series" (Duffield), chosen by William Lyon Phelps, in the first essay of the book, "The Fifteen Finest Novels." These are "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Clarissa," "Tom Jones," "Eugénie Grandet," "The Three Musketeers," and its sequels "Twenty Years After" and "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," "David Copperfield," "The Scarlet Letter," "Henry Esmond," "Madame Bovary," "Fathers and Children," "Les Miserables," "Anna Karenina," "The Brothers Karamazov," "Huckleberry Finn." This book is arranged for class-room use, and there are suggestions by the editor, Benjamin Heydrick, for further study; it would be useful for a club.

Please do not ask this department to make a selection of this sort. So far as the work of the "Reader's Guide" is concerned, there are no best books: there are books that are best for you, usually for a particular purpose and often at a particular time. Sometimes the best for you is no book at all, but a brisk walk in the park. This is why I can never run a column that guarantees to provide a book that will be just the thing for what ails you.

J. M., Hartford, Conn., asks if there is a book with the plots of the better-known literary classics: he quotes Bayard Veiller's acknowledgement to Alexandre Dumas in his story of how he wrote "Within the Law," saying that "the idea of the person wrongly convicted and imprisoned carrying out a systematic plan of revenge is nothing but the plot of Monte Cristo."

I QUOTE this because it reminds me of an excellent use for Helen Rex Keller's "Reader's Digest of Books" (Macmillan), a large volume giving synopses of a vast number of works; it is constantly in use in public libraries. I have often found it handy in refreshing a memory that often lets a situation hover in the air above three or four novels; here one may discover what has been done before in the way of variation on the "fifty ultimate comedies and tragedies to which the gods mercifully limit human action and suffering," as Kipling lately put it. It is good to reflect, in hot weather, that for good or for evil there are only fifty things fate can do to you.

I. W., Wayne, Pa., says that in the readers of fifty years ago was a selection called "Logan's Speech," by an Indian who had given welcome to the white man and had met with foul return; where may it now be found?

I HAD never read "Logan's Speech" until I came upon it in "Stories of Ohio," a little known work by William Dean Howells, published by the American Book Company; it is quoted there with such sympathetic appreciation of its beauty and dignity as one would expect from Howells. As this took place at three o'clock, when this request came in on the six o'clock mail, I was able to make reply without undue effort. Of course, coincidences are interesting only to the people concerned in them, but they happen just often enough in this department to make it perpetually interesting to me.

THE Public Library of the City of Los Angeles sends me the following list of books in which librarians appear, which really makes the company complete to date; it has all the books so far mentioned and some new to the discussion: Chesterton's "Return of Don Quixote," Floyd Dell's "Moon Calf," Harvey Fergusson's "Hot Saturday," Dorothy Canfield's "Avunculus," and the story "Hillsboro's Good Luck" in "Hillsboro People," Lewis's "Main Street" —she was a pest, I remember; Kathleen Norris's "Little Ships," Pirandello's "The Late Mattia Pascal," Ernest Poole's "His Family," Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven," Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral," Margaret Widdemer's "Rose Garden Husband," P. G. Wodehouse's "Leave it to Psmith." Miss Kelling, instructor in book selection, says that these novels, while not all concerned primarily with librarians, "might shed some dim light on these creatures, little known to literature." Also she says that this review is one of their most useful and interesting tools in book selection: "most of the students subscribe to it themselves, rely upon it constantly, and quote it frequently."

K. D. N., Phillipsburg, Pa., asks for books for a reading-circle to pass along; pleasant as well as profitable.

I CANNOT say that Louis Bromfield's new novel "A Good Woman" (Stokes), will strike everyone as thoroughly pleasant, but that it is a remarkable novel there can be no doubt; the touch is even surer than in those that have preceded it. "Chickens Come Home to Roost," the third novel of Dorothy Walworth Carman (Harper), leaves the suburbs for a village of three hundred in the fruit-growing region of New York; it whirls into a wedding on the first page, at the time of pompadours, and lasts long enough to watch the richest man in town turn from plain "tightness" to a cool criminality that will do almost anything for cash; meanwhile a music-teacher has invested in the future of a pupil to the extent of lending him her little savings. The ironic twist is that each of these is punished or rewarded, but not in the least in the way the public thinks they have been. Mrs. Carman has a clear-eyed but not unfriendly attitude to the village mind; her revival, for instance, is more just than some recent ones in fiction have been. "The Flower Show," by Denis Mackail (Houghton Mifflin), is pure pleasure, as all his small family stories are. Two new novels might be set one against another for mutual support: "Security," by Esmé Wynne-Tyson (Doran), and "Respectability," by Bohun Lynch (Little, Brown). The first shows what Napoleonic unscrupulousness a middle-aged woman can use to ensure stability in life; the second what may happen when a woman has a passion for portable property combined with a determination not to be talked about. "The Honorable Picnic," by Thomas Raucat (Viking), is amusing, exotic, and delicately improper; it takes place in Japan and there are two charming and gently pathetic little ladies in it who make the foreigners seem unpolished; also the plot is quite wild. "The Hoop," by J. C. Snaith (Appleton), is an uproarious story of a British prima donna, a young woman whose rich father has no notion of letting her go on the stage; I don't know enough about the private life of present day stars to know if this be founded on fact, as "The Sailor" was, but in any event it is jolly reading. Talk about seeing America first, I should think B. M. Bowers's "The Adam Chasers" (Little, Brown), would send a carload of people straight to the mountains of Nevada: I had no idea they had prehistoric fossil men there, or Babylonistical cave-inscriptions, or sacrificial tanks; the story has a gratifying perfume of the old days of Allan Quartermain, with not too much lovemaking to gum up the adventures. "The Brethren of the Axe," by John Somers (Dutton), is wild romance, Fascist against Bolshevist, international secret service, the sort of thing you expect from Francis Beeding and very well done; it takes place in Venice, which it would appear is a busy town. J. S. Fletcher's "The Harvest Moon" (Doran), goes on (part of it) in Rome, but begins in the Hatfield Chase region of Yorkshire, where there are Dutch families remaining from the days when a Dutch engineer at the command of King Charles drained the great swamp there. This is not a detective story, but in Fletcher's antiquarian and historical vein.

The New Books

Science

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE NEW UNIVERSE. By BAKER BROWNELL. Van Nostrand. 1927. $4.

There is apparently no end to the literary curiosity of that enormous public which has missed a University education, but is desirous of getting level with those who have glimpsed the great beyond which the routine of mundane existence so effectively conceals. It is a strange ambition to those who have met and conversed with the happy few, and realized how limited are the horizons which the heirs to the wisdom of Plato and Leibnitz, Sydenham, Erasmus, and Voltaire have usually scanned.

In general, it would seem, two forms of compendious paracletes are available. There is comfort through science, and emotive comfort through rhetoric. Dr. Brownell, who holds the Chair of Contemporary Thought, Northwestern University, professes to provide both. He maintains, however, that science is but "a raft resting on bottomless ooze;" it may be impressive, "but the wild onion grows between its beams and its stony sleepers." We must derive what comfort we can from the reflection that "rational activity will never bag the moonlight. It may kill the bird; it will not collect the song." Professor Brownell gallops dauntlessly through the wide fields of knowledge,—from solar origins, via the formation of the earth and the evolution of man, to the social order of today. Everywhere we pause for a moment, only to frisk off again in search of new realms to conquer. Everywhere, however, we detect phraseological echoes of Croce and hence, for Professor Brownell, whatever science may conclude, "High on its bright hill burns the world of spirit." For those who regard this particular bright hill as a linguistic mirage, there is therefore nothing more uplifting than the ooze and the wild onions.

But Professor Brownell, in spite of his rhetorical tendencies, which may secure him a hearing where others evoke no response, is both a receptive and a suggestive guide. At times, as in his section on Society Tomorrow, with its discussion of national and racial problems, he provides an admirable supplement to the hard boiled concoctions of most treatises on the ethnological melting pot.

A DEBATE ON THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY. Open Court. $2.

APES AND MEN. By *Harold Peake* and *Herbert John Fleure*. Yale University Press. $2.

HUNTERS AND ARTISTS. By *Harold Peake* and *Herbert John Fleure*. Yale University Press. $2.

Travel

THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE. By RICHARD HALLIBURTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $5.

Since youth and enthusiasm are inspiriting, Mr. Halliburton's chronicle of his pious pilgrimage in the pathways of Ulysses has charm even if not much substance. It is not a travel book in any true sense of the word, for it is compounded of sentiment, sentimentality, and gusto, and reflects rather the ardors of the writer than the aspects of the country that so lavishly engaged them. Mr. Halliburton scales Olympus, and what we get from the experience is the fact that Zeus, taking umbrage at his daring, turned loose his thunderbolts upon him; he attempts to cover the route of Pheidippides from Marathon to Athens and that beauty-soaked plain that stretches between the mountains and the sea, more richly dowered with significance than almost any spot in history, becomes merely the starting point for a sprint that ends in absurdity; he consults the Delphic oracle, and the Castilian Spring, sacred to the Muses and Apollo, takes its place in his narrative principally because of its lending itself to the practical jokes of himself and his companions. We have no quarrel with Mr. Halliburton's gaiety or with his fervor, but for all his romantic enthusiasm we get less of that exhilaration, compact of their beauty, history, and legend, that Greece and Sicily arouse in the traveler than from many a duller chronicle. There is probably less of actual information about the Greek lands in this book than in any one of an average dozen volumes on them, and as for the spirit of the countries, that is so swamped in the high spirits of Mr. Halliburton that little of it reaches the reader. Yet if you want an animated narrative, here it is.

THE ITALY OF THE ITALIANS. By E. R. P. VINCENT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $5.

Trying to understand "foreigners" is one of the most profitable and one of the most amusing human diversions. The great majority of travelers, being out simply for the amusement, never even try, and many, when they do try, are too easily convinced that they can unlock all secrets in the twinkling of an eye. It is otherwise with Mr. E. R. P. Vincent, who has tried very hard, and not ineffectively, to understand how Italians think and feel. If, in spite of these efforts, he remains an Englishman, perhaps we should simply conclude, "it's greatly to his credit." He writes without the subtlety of the Italianate Norman Douglas, and without the (somewhat superficial) cleverness of Ernest Hemingway, but at times he touches the true Italy more surely than either of these contemporaries. He thinks clearly and writes plainly; the Italians must have found him "simpatico." His book is distinctly so.

MESSRS. Doubleday, Page & Company announce the publication of a uniform, collected edition of Christopher Morley's books, to be known as THE HAVERFORD EDITION, limited to 1001 sets of twelve volumes each. These are printed in Monotype Caslon on laid rag paper and bound in imported English red cloth, stamped in gold. Each volume has a rotogravure frontispiece and the first volume of each set is signed by the author.

THIS edition includes many of Mr. Morley's writings that have not previously appeared in book form, as well as PARNASSUS ON WHEELS, KATHLEEN, THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP, three volumes of ESSAYS, POEMS, WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS and THUNDER ON THE LEFT. The author has personally edited the contents of THE HAVERFORD EDITION. The price is $60 a set.

Garden City New York August Sixth

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Do You Remember?

DO you remember the old tally of your youth? Rich man, poor man, beggar man,—no, not beggar man or thief, for certainly none are to be found among readers of the *Saturday Review*—doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief? So it ran. We repeat it here, for surely with the two exceptions noted, among our subscribers are members of every category. And we wish to remind them that as in the past we have run articles of special interest to them so in the future shall we furnish them others of equal pertinence.

* * *

Do you remember—we seem to have fallen into the questioning vein—that study of one of America's richest men, Henry Ford, by Rexford G. Tugwell, Dr. Streeter's review of "The Evolution of Anatomy," and Major-General Bullard's article on "Soldiers and Statesmen"? Or perhaps you recall Ray Morris's comment on a book which set financial New York by the ears, Ripley's "Main Street and Wall Street," and Fabian Franklin's penetrating examination into certain aspects of the prohibition problem entitled "The Law's Authority"?

* * *

Rich man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—there you have them all but the beggar man and the thief—and, well, yes, the poor man. But then there are no poor men so long as there are books to read. Don't you remember—again the question—how Gibbon said "My early and invincible love of reading. . . . I would not exchange for the treasures of India?"

* * *

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The Phoenix Nest

HERE goes now for another of those Ferocious Sonnet Numbers. By the time you get this we shall probably be in San Francisco. And how cheered we were to receive a handsome telegraphic greeting from *Jas. H. McCab*, Manager of the Hotel St. Francis. He hoped to have the pleasure of providing accommodations for us and assured us that everything would be done for our comfort. God bless him! He made us feel like *Lindbergh, Byrd,* and *Chamberlin* all rolled into one. And what an aviator *that* would be! . . .

Well,—here goes! We are in an extremely beneficent mood, thinking how these dear old ferocious sonneteers of ours are helping us out on space as we hop off. By the way, we have only one motor. So far in our life it has functioned admirably. Our friends tell us, also, that we are not at all likely to run out of gas. We are carrying no radio, however, and we shall not drop our running-gear. We have always needed our running-gear to keep just ahead of creditors. We do not expect to drop any circulars, either, as we pass through Chicago. . . .

Well (as we have already said) here goes. The fy-irst feerocious SONNET, ladies and gentlemen,—give this little girl a big hand!—is from *Sue Grundy Bonner* of Ann Arbor, Michigan, who incidentally asks us if we have added *Leconte de Lisle's* "Les Montreurs" to our collection. We hadn't, because it *is* limited to English sonneteers. But we are glad to hear that De Lisle's sonnet "fairly growls from the page." Miss Bonner, in her own,—but here she is:

Oh I have wept till I can weep no more,
And I have sighed till all my sighs are done,
And sick with rage ere life is well begun
I wonder bitterly what it is for.
Masked with indifference and pride our sore
And coward hearts, not daring to be free,
Tremble with fear behind the mockery,
And claim a joy in what they most abhor.
We have lost hope of heaven, and as for hell
What need of that?—earth being as it is,
Glutted with rage and treachery and hate.
O Lucifer, O lovely one who fell,
If this had been your world instead of His
Would you have let it fall to such a state?

And now, with your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen, to vary things slightly, allow us to insert the following from our old friend *Charley Edson* of Mount Pleasant, South Carolina. It is *not* a sonnet, it is a villanelle, but our thought has always been, as they say in advertising circles, that if a villanelle were villainous enough—tush! tush! Mr. Edson,—ladies and gentlemen,—Mr. Edson:

THE ONLY HOPE

The only hope I have is Hell;
There demons have the enterprise
To frolic for a little spell.

My joy of earth has heard its knell,
Its phantom fades before my eyes;
The only hope I have is Hell.

This life has caused my juice to jell,
It froze before I dared to rise
To frolic for a little spell.

So earth has pleased me none too well,
And Heaven no doubt would me despise;
The only hope I have is Hell.

I think the Devil—truth to tell—
Is God arrayed in merry guise
To frolic . . . for a little spell.

And I would join Him, cap-and-bell,
With tongue in cheek and laughing eyes!
The only hope I have is Hell,
To frolic for a little spell.

The Devil seems to be coming in for a good deal of latter-day appreciation. He hadn't been so prominent lately, but now that he's coming in for all this recognition, life may have more pep in it. Perhaps, however, if susceptible of flattery, he'll get a little spoiled. For that we should be sorry. A real high-minded Devil or a dear old, mellow old, jolly old Devil might be all right—but they couldn't throw that salutary terror into you such as you get in a nice, crashing summer thunderstorm. However, here is a Ferocious Female Sonnet from—it looks like *Sylvia Satan*—but, *can* that be correct? Anyway, the lady lives in Newark, N. J. And so maybe she feels that way. She addresses "Certain Editors," and, if we may say so, cogently:

God give me strength to grind your polish off,
You Manicured; whose faint fastidious fear
Makes you abhorred of club-foot and red ear!
My drunks and drabs must never swear nor scoff
Nor come to grief nor murder, steal, or cough,
Nor in their natural coarseness stand out clear;
But wrapped in batik wrought for Nordic Hubs
Must posture primly for the women's clubs
And Rotary, and all that backstairs fear;

I'd like to tell your Camemberic leer,
Your epaulet urbanity, my pen
Deals not with wall-paper, but with women and men;
But all you want is over-stuff and veneer . . .
But well I know your cool and calm appraisement
Is only Pillar of Cloud to Advertisement!

As we turn over our collection we realize that the fieriest efforts are all from ladies. This, however, from *A. K. Laing* is *some* rebuke. He has titled it "Of a Female Poetaster in Her Dotage."

Someone lets fall a phrase, once fine, now battered,
Ten thousand times retold. She swoops upon it,
Ready to trick it out a bit, and don it,
Then wind it off for us, as if it flattered
Our flayed intelligences, sadly tattered
By platitudes that tumble from her bonnet.
"Remember, fourteen lines to make a sonnet."
As if no other point of structure mattered!

"J—n E—sk—n this—," "J—n E—sk—n, also, that—"
Strained through the meshes of her clotted sieve
Phrases once sparkling trickle thin and dead.
Oh send me courage and a baseball-bat!
Retold by her, what suffering chap would give
A good goddam for what J—n E—sk—n said?

Charlotte Hungerford Perry adjures us from Newton Highland, Massachusetts, not to omit her heart-felt cry, which she has called, "Housewife Poetic Prays." So here it is:

Let there come soon a day of super-sun,
A multi-houred day, lest I be lost
In labyrinths of little things undone.
Let me at last forgive the bitter cost
Of home's voracious altars; hour on hour
Let me tend tasks I struggled to forsake
And tending, prove my ever questioned power
To leave perfection quivering in my wake.

Then should those mad drums sound that send me flying,
Wisely I'll close my doors and slip the locks
And lay me down to die, but, while I'm dying
Stay the perpetual clack of mortal clocks
(Whose rule enraged yet ever jerked me on,)
Lest a new day emerge before I'm gone.

And from Mount Vernon, Iowa, *Thelma Lull* sends us "What Every Woman Understands," which we have had to fix up somewhat, and even, perhaps, tone down a bit!—as Miss Lull's ferocity rather got the better of her sense of quantity:

There's one once dear to me, my soul avow'th
Whom I may not sufficiently condemn.
The Killers, I have charity for them
More than for him I'm spitting from my mouth.
His sin, indeed, induces oral drouth,—
Has petrified my wild revenge pro tem;
Now I would rake his hull from stern to stem,
As do impetuous persons of the South.

O ask me not what wrong this wrath constrains,
Vituperative words are better fewer;
Crushing him into porridge for his pains
Is still no way of making flatteries newer;
"You're noted less for beauty than for brains,"
He said! O, let me cram him in the sewer!

Of course, *Kate Harrower*—and she has harrowed *us*—of Elizabeth, N. J., simply states frankly that all this ferocious sonneteering is a lot of apple-sauce. Here's her contribution:

Oh, you ridiculous haters that abuse
The name of tolerance, sitting so smug astride
Your nags, whose heedless feet, unrhythmed, ride
Athwart what fabulous seas your own minds use
As sinks for their dim poisons, sure of the thews
And sinews of your hates; bloated, by pride
In your omniscience, to a shape untried
By god or man; incontinent with the booze
Of your own stewing! It is you I find,
Unmitigated haters, that increase
Man's pitiable deformities of mind.
Your muzzy state's the very pot that brews
Venom and filth from joy, and war from peace,
Long may you simmer in your acid ooze.

Dorothy Stott Shaw, of Colorado Springs, writes us:

Aren't some of Michalangelo's sonnets sufficinetly ferocious? He was such a grand old ferocious person, with his life just one attack of righteous indignation after another. I thought first, of course, of the one beginning—"I've grown a goitre dwelling in this den," with its odd double sestet, written to Giovani da Pistoja concerning the delights of painting pictures on chapel ceilings. However, the second one here appended is not only more violent, but also more dignified. It is one of two mentioned by Symonds as throwing "an interesting light upon Michelangelo's personal feeling for Julius and his sense of the corruption of the Roman Curia." Surely the first quatrain is rather magnificent, even in the translation.

So here it is:

Here helms and swords are made of chalices:
The blood of Christ is sold so much the quart:
His cross and thorns are spears and shields; and short
Must be the time ere even His patience cease.
Nay, let Him come no more to raise the fees
Of this foul sacrilege beyond report:
For Rome still flays and sells Him at the court,
Where paths are closed to virtue's fair increase.
Now were fit time for me to scrape a treasure,
Seeing that work and gain are gone; while he
Who wears the robe, is my Medusa still.
God welcomes poverty perchance with pleasure:
But of that better life what hope have we,
When the blessed banner leads to naught but ill?

Again due to Doughty's rummaging, here are two of *Heinrich Heine's* "Fresco Sonnets" to *Christian Sethe*, as translated by *Charles Godfrey Leland* and published by Henry Holt & Co. in 1878:

Give me that mask,—for masked I'll cross the border
Of Rascaldom, that rascals with me walking,
Who splendidly "in character" go stalking,
May not imagine I am of their order,
Of vulgar words and moods I'll be recorder,
Like the vile mob, in their own language talking;
Bright gems of wit will I no more go hawking,
Such as each fool now sports in gay disorder.

So through the great masked ball I will go bounding
Mid German knights, monks, monarchs high respected,
Greeted by harlequins,—by none detected,—
Their swords of lath upon my jacket sounding.
And there's the joke. If off my mask were taken,
With what still horror would the pack be shaken!

Loudly I laugh at the dry, soulless flunkey
Who stares around him with his goat-grimaces;
I laugh at the tyros, too, with sober faces,
Snuffling and pipings ever on their one key;
I laugh, too, at the over-learned monkey,
Who vaunts himself a judge of all the graces;
I laugh at the coward, iron-headed donkey,
Who threatens poisoned steel, and all disgraces!

When Fortune's seven fair gifts are gone, and after
We see how Fate's grim threatening finger quivers,
The last dear fragments ruined round us lying,
And when the very heart within is dying,
Dying and hacked and torn to wretched shivers,
What then remains save broad and bitter laughter?

Still, and all, think what a lot of good it has all done *us!* Now we can take a nice vacation. Well, a fond *adieu,*— not that you won't somehow hear from us next week, if we have to send it by air-mail!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

GEMS FROM HOLFORD LIBRARY

DR. A. S. W. ROSENBACH has bought another great English collection, or the best part of it, said to be worth $1,000,000. This time it is the gems from the great library of the late Sir George Holford. The sale of the Holford collection of Italian paintings brought the subject to the front and a cable from London gives some of the details. Probably the star lot is a First Folio of Shakespeare, said to be the largest and finest copy extant. Besides this Folio, there are twenty-one Shakespeare quartos, including the first edition of "Troilus and Cressida," 1609, only three other copies of which are known. Other gems include a Coverdale Bible, 1535; Chapman's seven books of the Iliad, 1598, with an inscription in the translator's handwriting; the first five editions of Walton's "Angler;" a number of Caxtons including his "Game and Playes of Chesse," 1475; a group of books from the fifteenth century, among them the first dated Bible of 1462. There are also many items of rare Americana, one being in Captain John Smith's handwriting. The books are alreary in America, having reached here before the transaction had become generally known.

SHAKESPEARE CATALOGUE

MAGGS BROTHERS, of London, have just issued a catalogue, "Shakespeare and Shakespeareana," that deserves special mention. It is a small quarto, 519 pages, 1,383 lots, illustrated with many rare facsimiles of title pages, prints, manuscripts, and bindings, to which has been added an index, arranged alphabetically under authors, consisting of 31 pages. This great gathering of Shakespearean material includes not only editions of his collected works (among them four Second Folios, a Third Folio, and three Fourth Folios), separate plays and poems, in English and foreign tongues, but also autograph letters and documents by or concerning historical characters immortalized by him, of his patrons and his contemporaries; works from which he drew his inspirations; criticisms of the eighteenth and nineteenth century; engravings and drawings relative to his works or of actors made famous by their interpretation of his plays; a section on the writings of Sir Francis Bacon and the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and Shakespearean miscellanea, and an addenda containing many unusual items of interest to the student and collector. The cataloguing has been done with scholarly care, and the notes are interesting, illuminating, and exhaustive. Altogether this is one of the most important catalogues of Shakespeareana ever issued by a bookseller, and every copy should be preserved for reference.

EARLY PORTUGUESE BOOKS

MAGGS BROTHERS, of London, announce the early publication of a "Catalogue of a Collection of Early Portuguese Books in the Library of King Manuel of Portugal." The collection described in this great work consists of a large number of books printed in Portugal, and some important Portuguese books printed outside that country during the sixteenth century. All the principal printers of Portugal, from 1498 to 1600, are well represented, giving a complete survey of Portuguese book decoration, woodcuts, typography in the sixteenth century, making an invaluable reference work for the student of literature, art, and typography. The collection is rich in unique items which are fully described for the first time. The descriptions are ample and full of information both historical and literary; the collations are full, and indices (of printers, towns, authors, and titles) will be added. In addition there are more than 700 facsimile reproductions of titles and colophons, printed in red and black, and several plates in colors and monochrome by Emery Walker, Ltd. There are two editions, an ordinary edition, and a special limited edition of 45 copies, each numbered and signed by King Manuel of Portugal.

RESTORATION OF MANUSCRIPTS

KING JOHN'S Magna Carta, the most precious of English historical documents, was described as almost entirely illegible in a pamphlet issued by the Trustees of the British Museum about the end of the last century. It was injured in a fire at Ashburnham House in October, 1731, and in the following December a transcript or facsimile was made from the original, only a few letters being imperfect. Its present condition has been the subject of much speculation by experts, many being of the opinion that the fire was not entirely responsible for all the damage done. In recent years in Europe there has been much cleaning and restoring of museum exhibits and the best opinion seems to be that there has been a little too much of a desire to improve the appearance of old letters, documents, and manuscripts. Our own experience with the original copy of the Declaration of Independence is illuminating. There is no doubt whatever that it was seriously damaged in making a reproduction many years ago. Experts at Washington have long been of the opinion that original documents and letters should be tampered with just as little as possible except to repair and strengthen them at weak or torn places.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

THE German Shakespeare Society held its annual festival this year in the industrial town of Bochum. It was one of the most successful Shakespeare weeks ever celebrated by this famous society and was attended by lovers and students of the great poet and by many visitors in Germany, including Americans and Ambassador Jacob Gould Schurman. Gerhard Hauptmann and many well known German scholars were present. Lectures by many eminent authorities upon Shakespeare were held during the week, forming not the least interesting feature of the most comprehensive program. The plays given this year were the historical dramas from "John" to "Henry VII" and the large Bochum Theatre was crowded at every performance. Among the numerous speeches made at the festival, the words of Mrs. Flower, wife of the mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, delivered at the close of the eventful week, made a deep impression. Her wish, she said, was that Shakespeare would prove a messenger of peace between the two nations who loved him equally well.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE centenary of the birth of Henrik Ibsen, which takes place on March 20th of next year, will be celebrated in London.

The late David James Mackenzie, for many years a judge in Glasgow, left a new translation of Dante, which Longmans will soon publish. The aim of the translator was to make as literal translation of the original as possible, the metre chosen and the scheme of rhymes closely corresponding to it throughout.

Peter Davies, of London, announces a new library of miniature *éditions de luxe* entitled "Little Books," edited by Charles Whibley. Though uniform in binding each volume will be printed in the contemporary style of the original editions. The first six volumes will contain Sir Walter Raleigh's "Instructions to His Sonne, and to Posterity," 1632; Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia," 1658; Sir Matthew Hale's "A Discourse Touching Provision for the Poor," 1683; Thomas Wright's "Country Conversations," 1694; Lord Halifax's "Character of King Charles the Second," 1750, and Lord Chesterfield's "Characters," 1770.

The Book Club of California announces the publication of "The Gentle Cynic," a new translation of the Book of Ecclesiastes by Morris Jastrow, Jr. The volume is similar in size and typographical design to the club edition of Dr. Jastrow's "The Song of Songs," published in 1922 and now completely distributed among members. This edition of "The Gentle Cynic" is printed from Goudy type, hand-set, on Whatman hand-made paper, with initials in blue, red, and gold. The binding is limp vellum with ties; with black and red title. The volume has been printed and bound at The Grabhorn Press, and is ready for immediate delivery. The edition is limited to 250 copies.

Paul Valery, who recently became a member of the French Academy, was, according to a writer in a French newspaper, well known to the younger literary groups in France, but to more conservative circles was quite without interest. Indeed, the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* had never printed his name before his election to the Academy. When he made his entrance into it even Joffre, who is almost unfailing in his attendance at meetings, failed to put in an appearance, being frightened by the prospect of a meeting so completely devoted to poetry. The attendance was of philosophers, historians, and of an unexpected number of "précieuses." M. Valery's address was on Anatole France, a thankless task in view of the enormous amount that has been written about him, but he managed to make it interesting.

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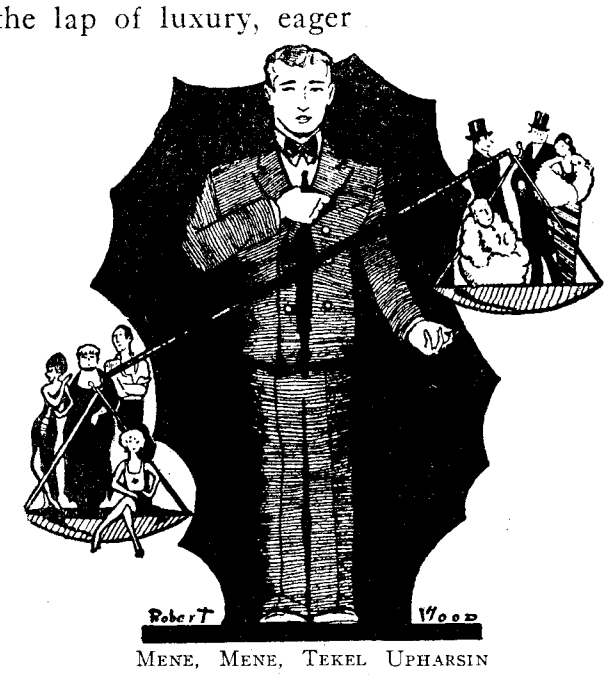

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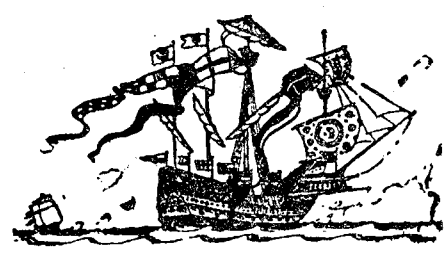

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